

# The Sketch

No. 731.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



NINA SEVENING.

AMARANTHE, THE MERVEILLEUSE :  
MISS NINA SEVENING IN "THE MERVEILLEUSES," AT DALY'S.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*





By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Nowhere-in-Particular.

Dame Nature on  
Telepathy.

"One way and another," I said casually, "there has been a good deal of talk about telepathy."

Dame Nature grinned. It was not a sardonic grin, or a grin malevolent. It was a grin pleasantly characteristic of that wise, wrinkled, weather-beaten old face—a shrewd grin, a friendly grin, a grin to let me understand that she was not to be humbugged against her will, but that, taking my trust and ignorance into consideration, I might squeeze a certain amount of knowledge out of her and use it according to my ability.

"There has," she admitted.

I was emboldened to ask her what she thought of it.

"What do I think of what? Telepathy? Or the stuff in the newspapers?"

"I mean, do you believe in telepathy?"

"As a science? Certainly not. As an involuntary communication of thought? Of course."

"Why not as a science? Might not this faculty of involuntary communication and reception be cultivated until it could be employed at will?"

"Your question, my dear young friend, merely proves to me something that I suspected from the outset—namely, that you know nothing whatever about the subject."

Knocking Out  
the Scientists.

I made no retort—and for two excellent reasons. The first was that the Dame was quite right. I had not—nor have I now—seen any exhibition of so-called scientific telepathy. And my second reason for remaining silent was that herein lay the trick of making the Dame talk. So much, at any rate, I did know.

"The one essential condition of telepathic communication," she continued presently, "is this: it must be involuntary. In other words, the brain that is to receive the thought *must* be in a quiescent state. Once the medium, so to speak, is prepared for thought-transference, and, as a natural consequence, concentrates his attention on the transmitter, the receptive cells close automatically, just as the oyster shuts up his house at the first touch of the intrusive knife."

"Can you prove that?"

"No, zany!" The question, obviously, had annoyed her. "Cannot you accept a statement that your reasoning powers, such as they are, tell you to be correct? The thing is beyond proof. You know that!"

"I beg your pardon. I am sure that what you say is true."

"Thank you," she sneered. "The admission does you vast credit!"

A Daring  
Boast.

The old lady was her charming self again in less than ten seconds, and asked me graciously whether I had any personal experience of telepathy.

"Certainly," I replied, and I told her the circumstances. She seemed quite triumphant.

"You will observe," she said, "that in each of those cases the receiving brain was quite unprepared. It is so in every instance of genuine telepathy. This, I know, is not a logical proof of my theory, but it is halfway towards it."

"You are aware that certain people do profess to be able to telepath at will, and that the exhibitions they have given of their skill in public have baffled numbers of astute medical men, some of whom are specialists on mental questions?"

"I told you when we began that I'd heard of these exhibitions, but I have not seen any. My opinions, therefore, are given without prejudice, and must not be held applicable to particular

performers. I'm bound to say, though, that the medical men you mention scarcely deserve the credit for astuteness."

"You astonish me!"

"That's nothing! I think I could astonish the astute medical men."

The Old Lady  
Propounds.

"The mere fact of their having devoted their lives to a scientific study of the brain," she went on, "makes it more difficult for them to regard these performances from any other point of view. I, on the contrary, holding the views I do with regard to the whole business, should begin by endeavouring to discover a trick."

"Yes, yes!"—I was all eagerness.

"Well, you can't expect me to expose a thing that I have never seen; but I'll tell you what I should do if I wanted to make money in a similar way. I should begin by asking myself the surest and simplest means of communicating with a person who was to remain on a stage whilst I was in an auditorium, or in one room whilst I was in the next, bearing in mind that the 'medium' would be deprived of all the senses but that of hearing."

"I suppose you know that——"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. (That is genuine telepathy, if you like.) We will deal with the objection later. Now, it must be obvious to you that ten and twenty-six make no more than thirty-six?"

"I grant that. But ten what? Twenty-six what?"

Is This the  
Solution?

"Ten numerals," she cried excitedly, "and twenty-six letters!"

"I'm afraid I don't quite grasp——"

"Idiot! Numbers are made up of figures, aren't they? And words are made up of letters? Very well. If you can tell your medium the figures, you can give him the number of a bank-note, can't you? And if you can spell out a word, you can indicate the nature of any article presented, can't you?"

"Certainly. Sorry to be so dense."

"You can't help it," she said kindly. "Now, all you want is thirty-six simple words, corresponding to the figures and the letters. I'm not going to work out the scheme on the spot; you can do that for yourself later on. Let us suppose, however, that 'B' is represented by 'what.' When the name of any article began with 'B' the question would begin with 'What.' There are plenty of ways, as you know, of beginning a sentence."

"The code would be complicated, wouldn't it?"

"Of course. Otherwise you would all be professional telepathists. But, worked in that way, I don't see that it ever need fail. The old-fashioned scheme, as I daresay you know, was to indicate every article with a different sentence. The number of sentences to be committed to memory must have been enormous. What about that objection you wished to raise?"

A Business  
Proposal.

"It is not so much an objection," I said, hastily, "as a query. I am told that the name of the object is sometimes communicated silently. How would your scheme work in that case?"

"Nonsense! The name must be communicated aloud some time or another. It does not follow that it is necessarily communicated just before the answer is given. The man in the auditorium, you know, has a fairly shrewd notion of the next three or four things he will select. Mind you, the cleverness of the scheme depends upon such finishing touches. For the matter of that, I don't think I should hesitate to add to the mystification by having a confederate or two. Now I'll leave you to draw up your code."

"Shall I book a tour?" I shouted. But the Dame had vanished.



## STARS ON STRIKE: THE GREAT MUSIC-HALL DISPUTE.



1. LITTLE TICH.  
4. MISS MARIE DANTON.

7. MR. GUS ELEN.

2. MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.  
5. MISS MARIE LLOYD.

3. MR. WHIT CUNLIFFE.  
6. MISS NELLIE WALLACE.  
8. MR. JOE ELVIN.

The fight between the National Alliance—representing the three music-hall unions of artistes, musicians, and scene-shifters, gasmen, etc.—and the managers, represented by the London Entertainments Protection Association, has created much interest, and has resulted in the temporary closing of various halls and the production of "scratch" programmes at others. One of the chief questions involved is the managers' refusal to agree that 1-12th salary for matinées at all two-shows-a-night halls shall be paid, and 1-7th salary for all matinées save one at one-show halls. Many stars are supporting their less fortunate brethren, and are on strike with them.

Photographs 1, 6, 7, and 8 by Hana; 2 and 5 by Ellis and Walery; 3 by Whitlock and Sons; and 4 by the Dover Street Studios.

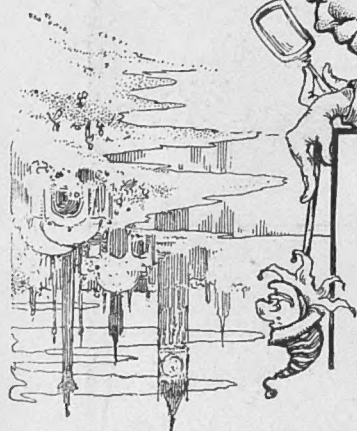


## THE

## UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.



## WHY MAY WE NOT EAT PLAIN FOOD?

THERE are so many articles written to-day about food, that one would imagine that the world at large must know something of the art of eating. It is not so. English eating as an art has died the death of the misunderstood. There should be, I think, a Censor of Sauces whose duty—which would soon develop into a pleasure—would be to forbid and utterly cast out from the English table certain dressed-up dishes. This very matter of sauces is one of the grievous points in English cookery; piquant sauces, lively relishes, soft, insidious sauces, tartar sauces, sweet sauces, beautiful things in themselves yet constantly abused.

The Sunday joint, that symbol of eminent respectability which binds families together, is being rapidly degraded in people's minds as being suburban, unpolished, and we feel the risk of having our dinner denationalised.

Cooking beyond most polite arts shows the temper of a nation; and we, with our Sir Loin of Beef, our horseradish sauce (here correctly used), our boiled potatoes and cabbages, our apple dumplings, cream, and good cheese, have demonstrated to the rest of Europe the magnificence of our physique. Some years ago I did not stand in dread of an invitation to dinner. I was safe, I knew, to see before me fish, flesh, and fowl simply cooked, if I may say so, in the nude—that is, without pretence or pretensions. My host could tell me where his fish was caught (a Boston Deep-sea sole, perhaps), and we relished the dish and enjoyed the flavour of the fish. To-day he would be ashamed to set any such plain dish before me, losing his sense of hospitality in his feeling of vanity. We sit down to something à la something buried in sauce à la something else. The time has nearly arrived when one must go to a restaurant to get plain, homely food.

Much is said, and much thought of the manners in which a joint should be disguised after it has been robbed of its pristine beauty. The discussion usually tends towards a disparagement of hash. Now, hash is an honourable dish, although at present under a cloud. Many things, good, simple things, have died from fun—that is, they die because fun is poked at them. Fun has cast its eye on pork, and on sausage and mashed potatoes, on cold mutton, hash, and onions, so that they are banished from many tables in consequence. Now, I wish to uphold hash, and cold mutton, and onions, and other fine things of such nature; modern hash is only bad hash because our wives, seeking to eclipse other people's wives, lay

themselves out to produce a dinner which shall surprise and anger the other wives by its apparent likeness to a dinner not generally procurable outside a foreign restaurant.

The way of the jam-cupboard is gone, with the delightful home-made fruit-cheeses, with crab-apple jam, with syllabubs, with cake and hot spiced ale, and in place we have natural flavours drowned in indelicate sauces with suggestive names.

In the Middle Ages it was the English who taught the French how to cook, and now that the position is reversed we find a riot of French cookery in England which never knew France. In fact, our French home-cookery belongs to Stratford-atte-Bowe.

There is no more beautiful vegetable than the cabbage, and yet how fearfully it comes to our tables if it comes at all: some flattened dice of water-soaked green slime! I am sure our foremothers never cooked like that. We shall find our reasons for this in the changes in the English home, where all manner of things have died or are falling out of use—hospitality, simple living, even the peace of the hearth.

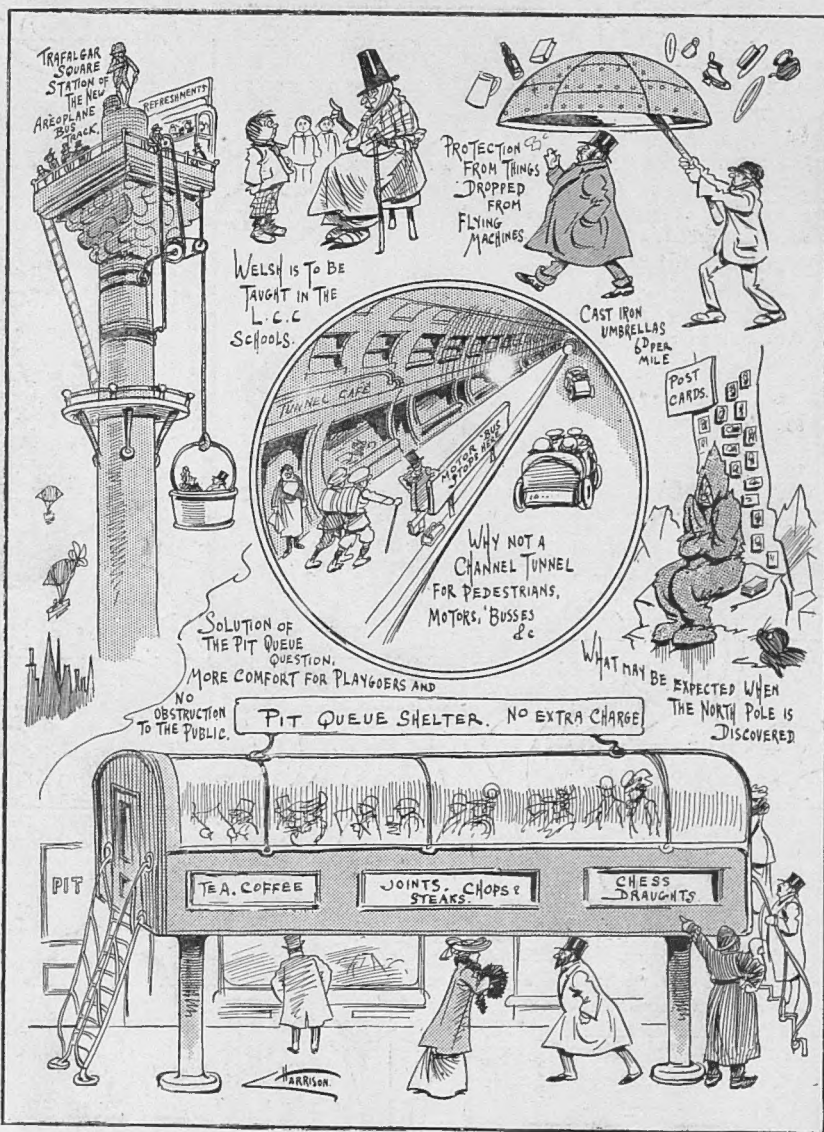
What are we trying to do? I ask myself. Are we trying to ape a Latin nation?

There are not wanting those who turn up a nose at plain joints and fruit-tarts, and are all for *vol-au-vent* and *anchois à la diablerie*, or some such dish. These, I insist, are sapping national strength with their love of masticated food—I cannot put it more nicely—and they are the people who become more fidgety every year, and thinner, and more prone to attacks of nerves. The picture of England as a stout, hale gentleman is the true ideal; and the picture that must soon be drawn if this anti-plain food revolt continues will be a withered, nerve-shattered, toothless being.

Who keeps a leather-covered household book

now, with the secrets of many preserves, and fruit wines, and simple remedies? Yet these were the literature of the home once, and stood high in the estimation of the land. Then a boiled fowl was a good boiled fowl; now we have forgotten the flavour of chicken in the admiration of the disguising sauce. Disgraceful!

Ask a man to come to dinner with you and tell him in the true manner of hospitality that there is plenty of cold mutton, plum-tart, and cheese, and you will see if he has the true spirit of the Briton in him or no. It is ten to one (in pennies) that he will refuse your invitation eagerly. And your charming wife will hold up her hands and praise the stars that the man did not come to dine and spy out the nakedness of the land. Nakedness, Madam, which lies with your skill and knowledge of meats, with your snobbery, with your lack of the true hostess feeling.

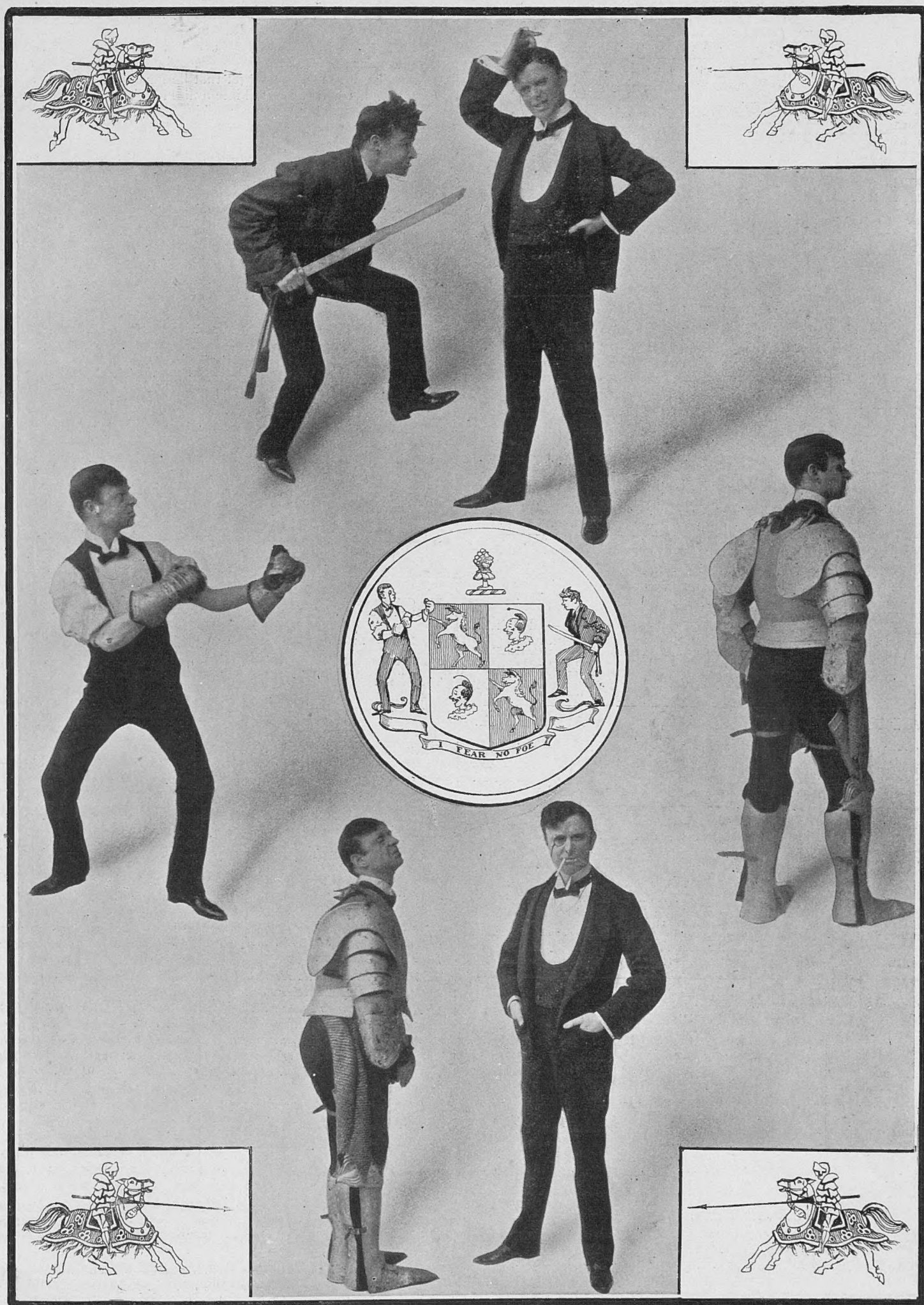


A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE—POSSIBLY THE NEAR FUTURE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AT WYNDHAM'S.



MR. JAMES WELCH AS SIR GUY DE VERE, Bt.

Mr. James Welch and company opened at Wyndham's Theatre last night (Tuesday) in Charles Marlowe's farce, "When Knights Were Bold." The three acts are: "The Knight's Room, Beechwood Towers, 1906"; "The Battlements, 1196"; and "The Knight's Room, 1906."

Photographs by Lewis R. Protheroe, Bristol.



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**GENERAL NOTES.**

THE impending expiry of certain of the Ruskin copyrights has  
caused greater excitement among publishers than anything  
else since Tennyson's poems became in the same way public  
property. It has always been a poor man's grievance that he could  
not get cheap editions of Ruskin; that the insistence of the author  
upon the best of paper, print, and binding made his works beyond  
the popular reach. But though Ruskin made his £4000 a year from  
his works, we must not forget that he gave away in the first instance  
much of his writings. "Time and Tide," for example, consists of  
five-and-twenty letters to a working man at Sunderland, to whom  
permission to print in his local paper was granted unasked. Mrs.  
Humphry Ward has realised more in cash on delivery of the  
manuscript for a single novel than Ruskin made in three years.  
Tennyson gained fifteen shillings a line out of his ode on the death  
of Wellington. They must get their Ruskin pretty cheaply in  
America, for ten years ago a society, called by his name, was started  
there at a little town in Tennessee to supply a reading con-  
stituency of 100,000 with copies of his letters to working men.

M. Le Bargy is much to the front just now, not only because of  
his recent appearance at the New Royalty, but by reason of his  
domestic troubles. His wife, who is no longer his wife, bears his  
name, and the *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française intends to ask the  
Court to deprive her of it. Yet it is hard on her. She is known as  
Simone Le Bargy, and to be called anything else would do her much  
professional damage. The best plan would be to adopt a middle  
course. Let her call herself "La Bergy" or "Le Bergy," or simply  
"Simone Bergy," or perhaps "Le Barge"; people would soon  
get used to the difference. The only other solution is for  
the actress to marry another man called Le Bargy. It is not so  
uncommon a name in France, but the bearers of it are generally  
humble folk. If, however, she could marry *pro forma* (so to speak)  
a tinker or a tailor, a way might be found out of the difficulty.  
Otherwise, it is hard to see what the Courts can do. To keep  
the name is to inflict problematical damage on the husband, the  
aggrieved party, and to change it is to ruin the wife. *Que faire?*

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

E GRANT RICHARDS.  
The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. John  
Reed Scott. 6s.

JOHN LONG.  
The Luck of Leura. Mrs. Campbell Praed.  
6s.

A Light-Hearted Rebellion. John Lang-  
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Many - Coloured Essays. Charles J.  
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God's Outpost. Cullen Gouldsbury. 6s.  
From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands.  
Beatrice Grimshaw. 12s. 6d. net.

METHUEN.  
Harry and Ursula. W. E. Norris. 6s.  
Great Golfers in the Making. Edited by  
Henry Leach. 7s. 6d. net.

ARCHIBALD CONSIDABLE.  
Emma, Lady Hamilton. Walter Sichel.  
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ALSTON RIVERS.  
World Without End. Winifred Graham.  
6s.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.  
The Ghost. Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.

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its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,  
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.  
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider  
photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

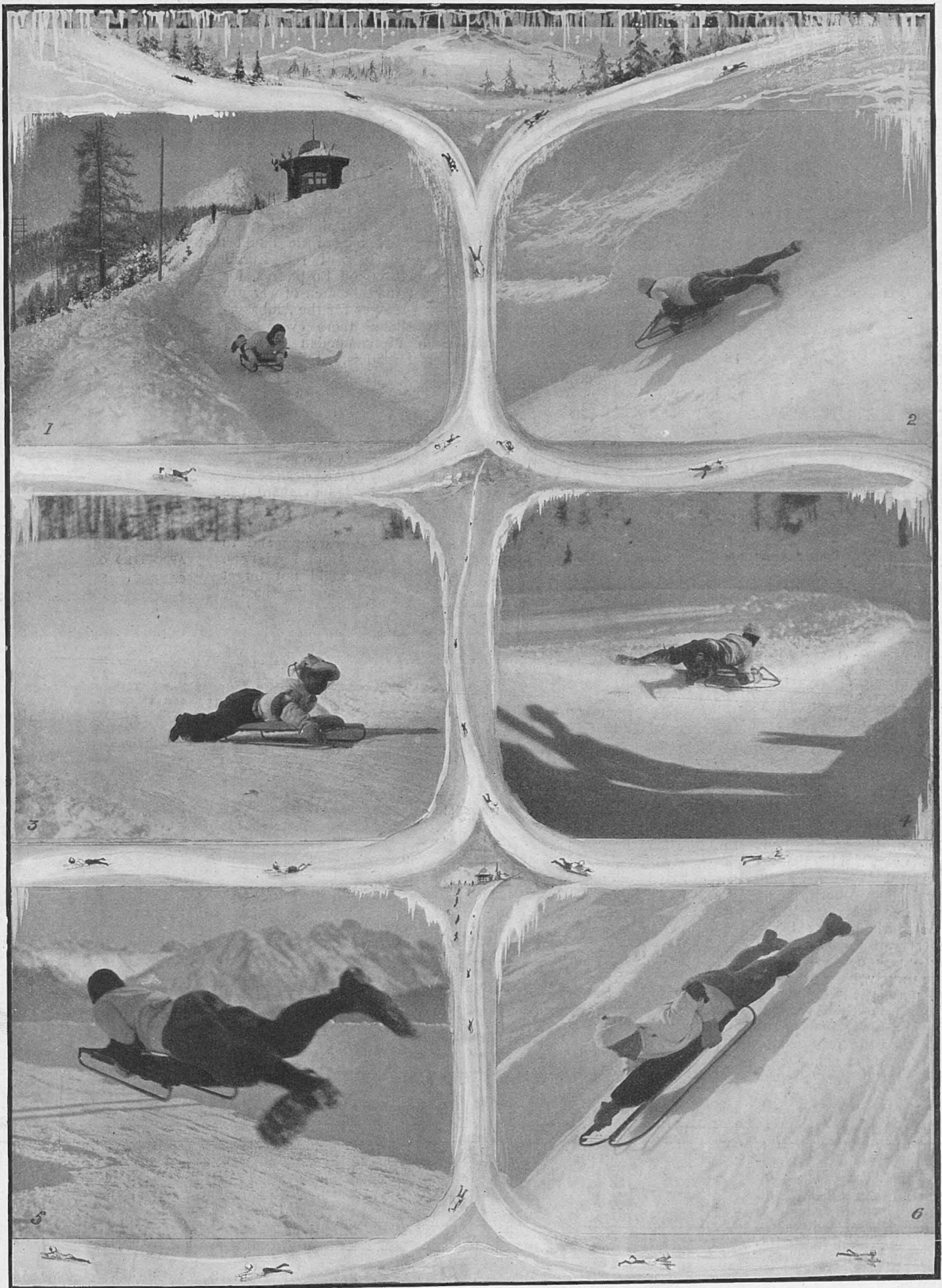
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Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



# SIXTY MILES AN HOUR ACROSS THE SNOW: ON THE FAMOUS CRESTA RUN.



1. AT THE SUMMIT OF THE RUN.

3. A LADY RIDER AT THE END OF THE RUN.

5. AT THE END OF THE RUN.

2. GOING DOWN CHURCH LEAP.

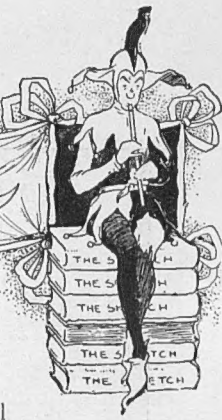
4. ALMOST OFF THE RUN: A COMMON INCIDENT.

6. ON CHURCH LEAP.

The famous Cresta Toboggan-run has been brought to notice in an unfortunate manner by the fatal accident to Captain Pennell, V.C. The run is three quarters of a mile long, and it has been covered in 71 seconds. From top to bottom it is of ice. All racing is, of course, done against the clock, as only one person can ride the course at a time. From top to bottom the fall of the Cresta is 1 in 7'7, and the steepest gradient, that to the Church Leap, is 1 in 2'8. It cost from six to seven thousand francs to build, and it is kept in order by a permanent staff of fifteen men. The elbow-pads worn by some of the tobogganers should be noted.

*Photographs by G. R. Ballance, St. Moritz.*





# THE CLUBMAN

THE JAMAICA INCIDENT—THE ETIQUETTE OF LANDING ARMED PARTIES—GUARDS AT LEGATIONS—  
ARMED REFUGES FOR AMBASSADORS—NEGRO TROOPS—THE TAXIMETER AT LAST.

I REMEMBER writing, when the redistribution of the British Fleet was first planned, that many of the smaller Colonies would much miss the little guard-ship, the gun-boat or cruiser, which was always to be seen lying in some bay or port of the Colony, and was the big policeman, a permanent, visible sign of the power of Great Britain and a caution

to would-be ill-doers. I should not be at all surprised if the old system were reverted to in a modified form, for if there had been a British ship-of-war at Jamaica the incident concerning which two Continents have talked during the week would never have occurred. We at home view the new arrangement of our fleets from quite a different point of view to that held by our kith and kin in the smaller Colonies. It is pleasant to think that for less money we have bigger fleets to sweep the seas, and that when in its turn each Colony is visited the cruiser squadron which pays Great Britain's calls on her family is a fine fleet. We at home always have a great gathering of war-vessels in our waters, and I am quite sure that if naval strategy ordained in case of war that the home waters should be left without ships, and that all our fleets should seek out the enemy in foreign seas, a great cry of dismay would rise from

concerned. The fact that the Legations all had guards was, however, one of the matters which annoyed the Japanese, for it was a proof that their country was not, in the opinion of the Great Powers, yet to be thoroughly trusted. I have little doubt that the Turks do not like to see the war flags of the European nations flying on the little gunboats in the Bosphorus, for these miniature men-of-war are armed refuges for the Ambassadors should there ever be a great Mohammedan uprising against infidels.

The Governor of Jamaica had a West Indian regiment and the native police under his command, and the request of the American Consul that an armed body of American sailors should be landed to guard the Consulate showed a doubt on his part that the Governor had forces at his command to ensure the safety of foreigners. We British should not forget that the Americans are having some difficulty with their own negro troops at the present moment. The President of the United States has disbanded some companies of negro troops for misconduct, and it is said that all or most of the United States negro regiment are to be detailed for duty in the Philippines. We have no such cause for anxiety concerning our own negro corps. The West Indian regiments have always behaved admirably under all circumstances, and could be depended upon to fire, if necessary, upon rioters of their own race and colour.

One of the strongest arguments in favour of restoring some of the guardships to the Colonies is that if there is a chance of friction when such staunch friends of England as the Americans come to the assistance of one of our Colonies in a moment of danger, what would happen if the ships of any country with which we were not on good terms tried to do the same kindly act? If sailors of a country we were jealous of patrolled the streets of a Colonial town which was still under the discipline of our authorities and police and troops, how hotly we should resent this well-meant act! With the Americans, our cousins and friends, the matter stands on quite a different basis, and every Briton is very sorry that their kindness stood in any danger of being misunderstood; but there is something to be said, as there is in most cases, for each side.

We are at last to have taximeters on the motor-cabs and on some of the horse-drawn

ones. With the large number of motor-cabs which are to be put on the streets and with the application of the new regulations, the tyranny of the cab-chauffeur will come to an end. The wrangle with the driver which generally either preceded or followed a drive, and which kept many people from using motor-cabs, will no longer be necessary.



THE BIRMINGHAM LADY WHO HAS JUST CLIMBED THE SCHRECKHORN (13,265 FEET): MISS MARIE HAMPSON-SIMPSON.

Miss Hampson-Simpson, the well-known Alpinist, made a very difficult ascent of the Schreckhorn the other day, accompanied by the guides G. Hasler and Fritz Amatter. The descent was made on skis. Miss Hampson-Simpson has climbed almost all of the highest Alpine summits, including Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

the masses, who do not study strategy, but have great faith in the police constable on fixed point duty at the corner of the street.

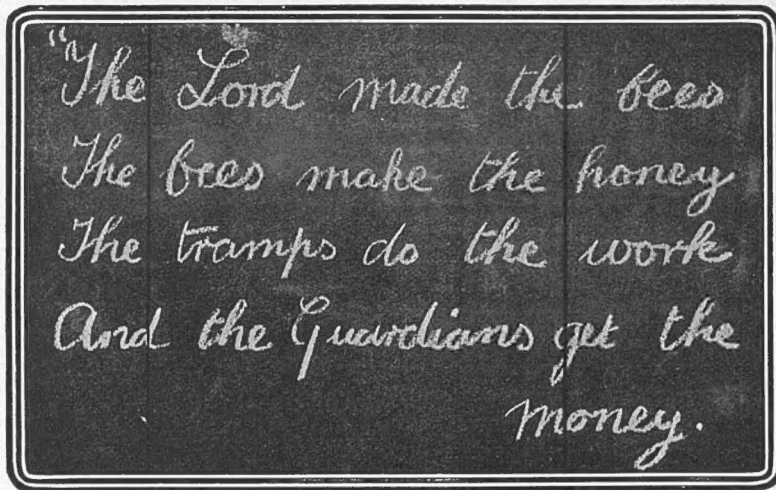
One of the matters concerning which the etiquette of all nations is very rigid is that no armed party of a foreign nation may land without special permission being asked and given. A couple of years ago an American officer died on board one of the American ships-of-war lying in Villefranche Harbour, and I remember well that before a funeral party could land to fire the three volleys over the grave, permission had to be obtained from the Prefet at Nice. Whenever in a civilised country the Embassy or Consulate of any Power is threatened by a mob, the troops of the land whose hospitality the Ambassador or Consul enjoys are sent to protect the buildings. It is only in semi-civilised countries, such as China, or on occasions when all law and discipline have vanished, as sometimes happens in some of the South American Republics, that foreign troops or sailors land to protect their Consulates. I remember very well, just before Japan was officially recognised as being a Power to be trusted as European Powers are, that there were some men and some horses at the Legation at Tokio who were the Minister's escort. Tokio was in those days far safer for foreigners than any European capital, and the men of the escort had no duties to perform so far as protecting the person of Great Britain's representative was



APPOINTED COUNTY SURVEYOR OF GALWAY: MISS ALICE PERRY, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. JAMES PERRY.

Miss Perry, the first lady in Ireland who has qualified as an engineer, has been appointed to the position indicated, in succession to her father, the late Mr. James Perry. The appointment becomes permanent next month. The post was formerly worth £1000 a year, but this sum has now been reduced to £500.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

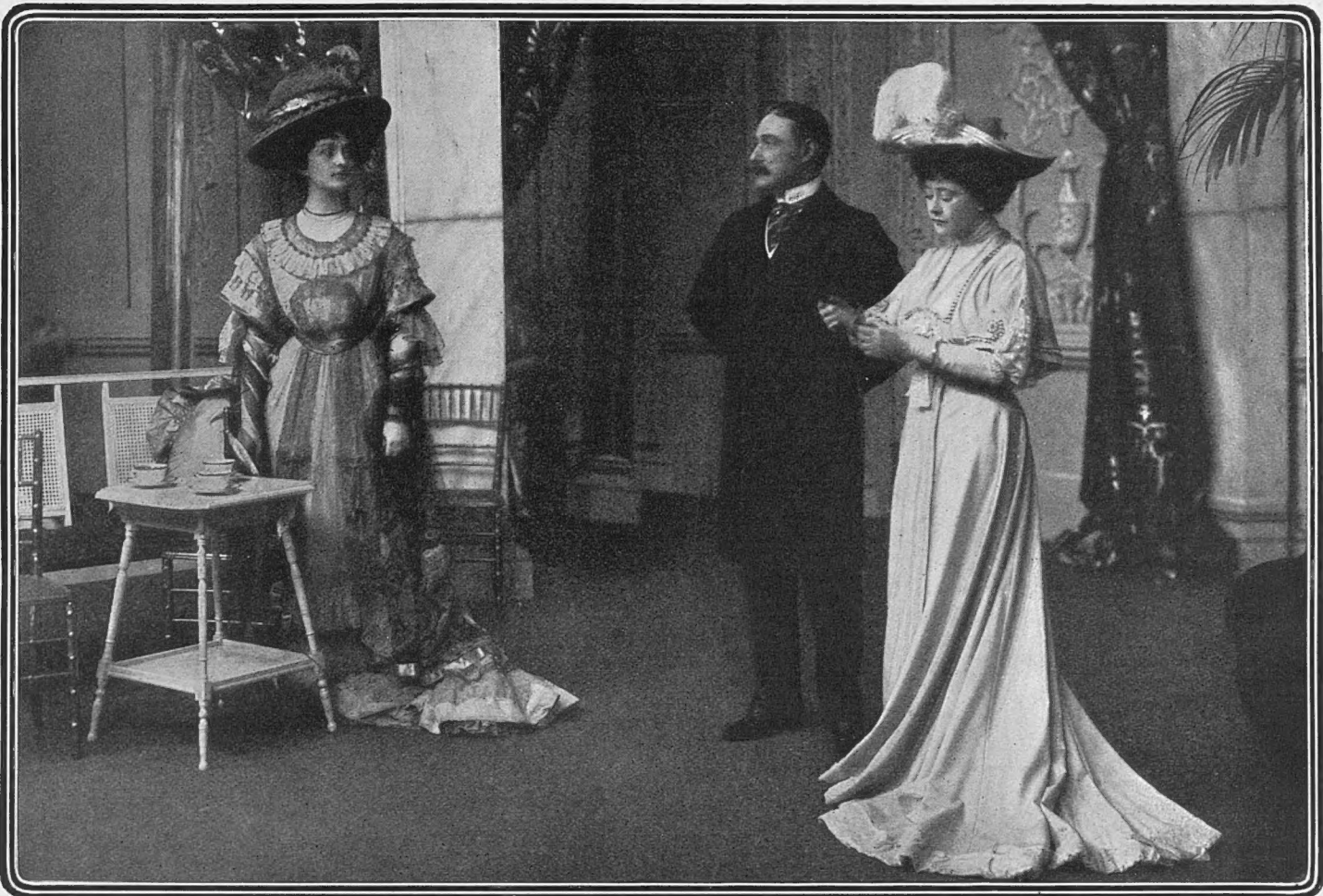


WEARY WILLIE, POET UNLAUREATE: VERSES THAT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE DOOR OF WEST BROMWICH WOOD-SAWING DEPARTMENT—PRESUMABLY BY A TRAMP.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



# THE STORY OF A PLAY IN THREE PHOTOGRAPHS; "THE STRONGER SEX," AT THE APOLLO.



Joan Forsythe (Miss Lillian Braithwaite).

Warren Barrington (Mr. Leonard Boyne). Mary (Miss Nina Boucicault).

## THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: MARY FINDS HER HUSBAND MAKING LOVE TO JOAN FORSYTHE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Our photographs may, without exaggeration, be said to illustrate "The Stronger Sex" almost as completely as it could be illustrated. Warren Barrington marries Mary for her money, and on their wedding day, while he is waiting for her to come down in her going-away dress, he makes violent love to Joan Forsythe. This his wife sees him do, and thus proves the suspicion she has held that he loves not her, but her money. From that moment she determines to rule him, and it must be said that she does it very well, although when money-lenders seek to devour him she pays his debts. Under this treatment, Barrington becomes more sullen day by day.—

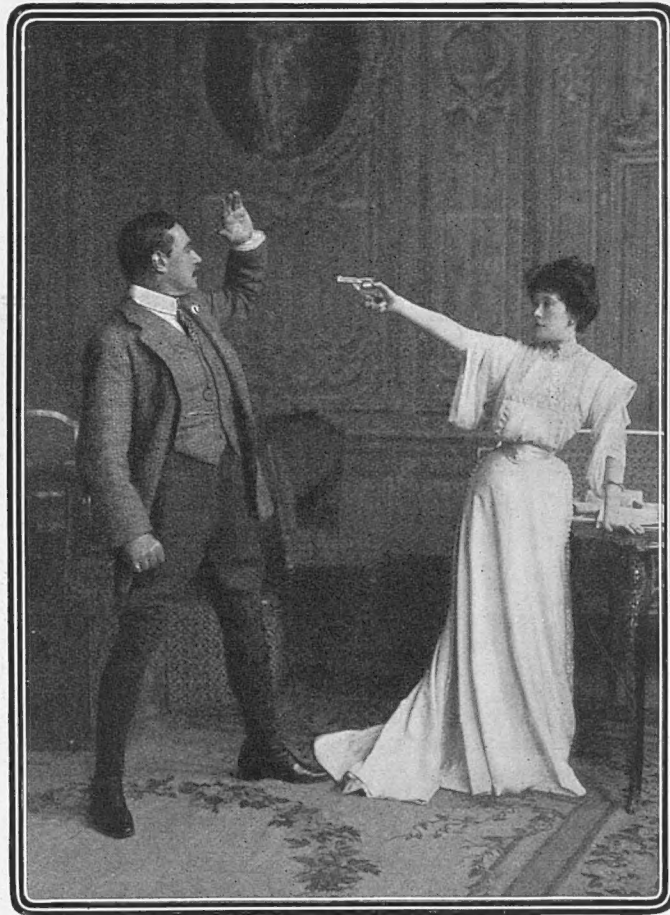


Warren Barrington (Mr. Leonard Boyne). Mary (Miss Nina Boucicault).

## THE MAN'S ATTITUDE: WARREN BARRINGTON REBELS, AND USES FORCE TO HIS WIFE.

—If he could (that is to say, if he had money) he would leave his wife. Then one day a taunt from her makes his smouldering wrath blaze up, and he attacks her. The reply is a revolver placed at his head. So matters go on until Barrington (curiously enough, it must be confessed) really falls in love with his wife, begins to work hard, and, generally speaking, reforms. In the end, there is reconciliation, and more than a promise of peace. Yet another love story runs through the piece, but it is important only as stage machinery.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.*



Warren Barrington (Mr. Leonard Boyne).

Mary (Miss Nina Boucicault).

## THE WOMAN'S ATTITUDE: MARY, FEARING AN ATTACK, THREATENS HER HUSBAND WITH A REVOLVER.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE FRENCH SEASON—"THE STRONGER SEX"—"THE GONDOLIERS."

MR. GASTON MAYER, determined to begin his season well, has brought over the Beau Brummel of the Paris stage—of Paris itself, they say. Of course, I cannot tell whether M. Le Bargy has fascinated the English ladies. We men are poor judges in such matters. Indeed, in the case of British actors, our judgments are at fault as to why X, Y, and Z are beloved by the lady playgoers, whilst A, B, and C are not. We generally think that A, B, and C are the more charming. M. Le Bargy, whatever his other qualifications, is a remarkable actor. His technical powers are of a very rare order. Whether his performance in "Le Marquis de Priola," judged as a whole, was very good, I do not like to say. The piece had been cut cruelly to comply, it is said, with the Censor's wishes. Perhaps all this cutting made the acting of M. Le Bargy seem over-full of violent contrast by bringing his outbursts too close together. At any rate, even if he did not make a very plausible figure of the irresistible seductor, he gave many little pieces of really brilliant acting, in which without apparent effort he produced most vivid effects. When wooing the women he was wonderfully seductive in speech and manner: he seemed to have borrowed the golden voice of Bernhardt, of whom in several respects he reminded me without disadvantage to himself. His explosions of passion when wrathful were finely vigorous, but most notable of all were the moments in which he was forced, in the part, suddenly to control himself, and one could see through his superficial calmness little quiverings of the subsiding emotion.

The play is of no great quality, but a rather witty, rather ingenious, rather impudent version of the Don Juan story, in which the element of supernatural retribution is replaced by a quite unconvincing attack of paralysis that actually gave to a naughty play quite a sort of Sunday-school air for its ending. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, already a favourite with Londoners on account of her admirable work in M. Tarride's company, took Madame Bartet's part, that of the grass-widow upon whom the Marquis plays an abominable practical joke, and presented it very finely, showing great skill and charm. Mlle. Nelly Cormon, in the character of the divorced but devoted wife of the Marquis, acted in excellent style.

"The Stronger Sex," which was received with an enthusiasm rarely exhibited in the case of a masterpiece, is by a new author, Mr. John Valentine. Some have guessed that the "John" is misleading, like the "George" of several famous writers. Perhaps in the fact that the hero, whose life had been one of sport and leisure—and dissipation too, apparently—becomes after a month's training such a brilliant man of business as to be worth and to get £1500 a year one does perceive the trace of a petticoat. Of course we welcome enthusiastically a new writer who begins a career with a big success; but the qualities by which it was achieved

are not exactly those sought by us in the young dramatist. Still, it must be remembered that some of our ablest writers, notably Mr. Pinero, started with very artificial, stagey work. "The Stronger Sex" looks as if it came from the pen of an old hand rich in acquaintance with successful plays, and unwilling to study life outside the theatre. We do not complain merely because the different characters appear to have been often on the boards before, but on account of the fact that there is no real freshness in the treatment of them—merely a little novelty in the handling. It is just because human beings are not like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, with which, at the most, you can only make new patterns, that the dramatist has the chance of showing originality—originality not, indeed, in the pattern, but in the creation of its elements.

The story of the play shows how a young husband and wife, who have quarrelled on their wedding-day, grow to love one another, and after a year or so become truly united. They quarrelled because she discovered that he had married for money and loved another girl—her best friend—whom he kissed on the wedding day. It may be mentioned that the two chief events of the comedy are brought about by the "eavesdropping" business. There is no little ingenuity in the treatment of these materials, the author's dialogue is bright and occasionally witty, and some effective situations are contrived. The company includes such popular favourites as Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Marie Illington, and Messrs. Leonard Boyne and Paul Arthur, who gave a very creditable performance without surpassing their former work. A rather clever one-act comedietta called "The Peacemaker" preceded "The Stronger Sex," and showed some freshness in treatment; it was capital acted by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who also was charming in

the main piece; by Miss Ella Tarrant, admirable in a servant part; and Mr. Athol Stewart.

As part of the repertoire system, "The Yeomen of the Guard" has been withdrawn ere exhausting its popularity, and "The Gondoliers" now takes its place. There are people who pretend to know which they prefer; but I am like the little girl who when asked to choose between an orange and an apple replied "Both, please!" The performance of "The Gondoliers" is, perhaps, even better than that of the first work; the trace of timidity, almost indecision, once noticeable has gone. Mr. Workman, apparently the backbone of the enterprise, gives a finely humorous performance as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, and there is excellence in the Don Alhambra of Mr. Clulow; whilst Mr. Richard Green and his nice voice are a great gain to the company; and Mr. Pacie Ripple plays and sings with spirit as Marco. Miss Jessie Rose is a delightful Tessa; and the Gianetta of Miss Lilian Coomber is excellent; nor should Miss Marie Wilson's singing as Casilda be overlooked.



THE OPENING OF THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS ROSALIE TOLLER, WHO IS NOW PLAYING CONSTANCE JOBLYN, THE PART CREATED BY MISS ALICE CRAWFORD, IN "TODDLES."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



# SHAKESPEARE IN MANCHESTER: "OTHELLO"

AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.



1. MISS VIOLET LEWIS AS EMILIA.  
5. MISS EILEEN KERIN AS BIANCA.

2. MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS DESDEMONA,  
AND MR. MATHESON LANG AS OTHELLO.  
4. THE BEDCHAMBER SCENE.  
6. MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS DESDEMONA.

3. MR. A. CLIFTON ALDERSON AS IAGO.  
7. MR. NORMAN PARTRIEGE AS CASSIO.

*Photographs by Percy Guttenberg.*



SMALL  
TALK

LADY GIROUARD, WIFE OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR N. NIGERIA.

Lady Girouard is the only child of Sir Richard Solomon, until recently Attorney General of the Transvaal, and met her husband for the first time in South Africa, while he was acting as Commissioner of Transvaal Railways.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

has just resigned his post as Attorney-General of the Transvaal. The marriage of Lord Kitchener's brilliant Canadian protégé to Miss Solomon actually took place in Pretoria some four years ago, and it may be said to have been one of the few agreeable occurrences brought about by the South African War, for Sir Percy made the acquaintance of his future wife while he was acting as Commissioner of the Transvaal Railways.

### The Friend of the Unacted.

If Mr. George Alexander should need votes to help him in his contest for a seat on the London County Council, he should be able to count with certainty upon those of the Great Unacted. They regard him as their friend, and have reason so to do. If he cannot produce their plays they know at any rate that it is not for lack of desire on his part. No man is kinder, more considerate and tolerant with the man who has never had a play produced. Thereby hangs a tale of woe. For four years he employed two expert readers to go through all the plays submitted for his consideration by unknown authors. One of the twain was Charles Dickens, son of the Dickens. He alone dealt with eight hundred plays, writing a *précis* of every play sent in. Of the eight hundred he could recommend only one. That one Mr. Alexander accepted and paid for. It was rejected by the Lord Chamberlain!

*Beer in Bricks.* The announcement that a Danish gentleman has succeeded in inventing a method of turning out beer in the form of solid bricks is really much more interesting to the working classes than Mr. Keir Hardie's remarks on the Labour Party, or even the L.C.C. election. The sons of toil may now be expected to revise their attitude of haughty indifference to water, for it seems that you need some of that hitherto despised fluid wherewith to melt the beer-brick in order to obtain a foaming pot of "four-arf." A "bottle"—whatever that quantity may be—is to cost only a half-penny, but it will probably be

NORTHERN NIGERIA is to be heartily congratulated on Sir Frederick and Lady Lugard's successors. Lady Lugard was the most distinguished of the many distinguished and charming women connected with our Colonial service, and by a curious coincidence Lady Girouard has also had in the past a close, an intimate connection with African affairs, for she is the only child of Sir Richard Solomon, the brilliant lawyer who

more here. Lord Burton is understood to be on the alert, and several lion comiques are employing the leisure afforded by the music-hall strike in thinking out entirely new sets of jokes in which the word "bricklayer" will possess a fresh and exquisitely humorous significance. It is sad to reflect

that the numerous drinking-fountains to be erected to the memory of Sir Wilfrid Lawson are likely to be used by a practically minded populace for beer-block melting purposes, which he would have been the first to deprecate.



AN INGENIOUS FANCY DRESS AT A RECENT BALL AT BARBERTON, S.A.: MISS ESMÉ BISHOP AS A SLEEPING DOLL.

Perhaps the strongest of the exhibitors is Captain Renault, who has already been "hung" at the official Salon. He showed a portrait of M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works. This year he has a sepia drawing of General Brugère, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. General Michel, at the head of the Second Army Corps, has sent a pen-drawing representing the barracks and military establishments at Nancy.

### The Kaiser and the Reporter.

During the present political crisis, the Kaiser is the hero of all sorts of stories at Berlin, and one of the best is that which is being told about him and the reporter of a Socialist paper. This man had bribed one of the Emperor's household to admit him as a servant into the Kaiser's train from Berlin to Potsdam, and he duly put on the Imperial livery and waited on the Emperor and his guests in the saloon. But the Emperor soon noticed that he was not one of his regular attendants, and then the truth came out. By way of making the punishment fit the crime, the Emperor stopped the train and ordered the man to get out in the middle of a desolate country, ten miles from the nearest station, and the poor man had to walk in a gorgeous livery for some hours before he could find any way of getting back to Berlin.



A CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE READY-MADE FANCY DRESS: CUPID (TO SAY NOTHING OF A DUTCH DOLL) AT A BARBERTON, S.A., BALL.

The photograph reproduced above comes to us from Barberton. The correspondent who sent it to us says in his letter: "In a town such as this, where it is not possible to procure the advantage of ready-made costume or the accessories necessary, it is a case of makeshift, and the result is therefore the more noteworthy." We take it for granted, from our correspondent's letter, that the costumes were exactly as here shown.

Photographs supplied by A. W. Bayly and Co.



THE BEST OF ROYAL GOLFERS? PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Prince has been playing golf a good deal of late, and has been seen frequently on the Sunningdale, Mid Surrey, and Bramshot links. He is inclined to be a long driver, and keeps his ball straight. Putting is his weak point.

### Art in the French Army.

There are officers in the French Army who wield the artist's brush as elegantly as the sword. Some are really very clever painters. Their work is presently to be judged by the public, and a military salon is to be opened at the Paris Grand Palais.

Eight hundred works—oil paintings, water-colours, statuary and medals—have been received, signed by soldiers in all branches of the army. M. Edouard Detaille, the military painter, who is on the committee, is surprised at the excellence of the exhibits, so superior to the ordinary standard of the amateur.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



H.M.S. "ASCENSION ISLAND": A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR WITH SEA-FOWL AND LAND-CRABS AS CREW.

Ascension Island, in the South Atlantic, is rated at the Admiralty as a man-of-war, but its only inhabitants are sea-birds and land-crabs. The "New York Journal" tells a curious story of an American syndicate which has just been formed to exploit the sea-birds and land-crabs already mentioned. The head of this syndicate declares that his directors have purchased "the details of a secret process whereby worthless gulls may be turned into golden dollars." This, apparently, is a secret also known to certain company promoters, who find that gulls can be found without seeking as far afield as Ascension Island.



A FOUR-FOOT-THREE ARCTIC REGIONS: A NORTH POLE SCENE IN AN IRON TANK—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

This photograph illustrates not a scene in the Arctic regions, but the surface of an iron tank measuring some four feet by three. After several days of hard frost, part of the ice that had formed on the water in the tank was broken with a crowbar, and some pieces of it were fixed at the edge of the tank to represent icebergs, while a pile of snow was placed behind, to suggest mountains. The lens of the camera was put almost on a level with the surface of the water. The moon and stars were printed in from another negative.—[Photograph by W. L. G. Bennett.]





WIFE OF THE WOULD-BE KING OF FRANCE: THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

will be the opening of Parliament. Last year this most interesting survival of "Merrie England" was shorn of much of its charm by the absence both of the Queen and of the Princess of Wales. Westminster will be doubly favoured, as their Majesties are to be present at the opening of the South African Exhibition in Vincent Square; and the first of the winter Courts will bring many well-known county folk to town, for it is becoming more and more the fashion to present next season's débutantes as early as possible. Among the private engagements of the King and Queen will be probably their presence at at least two of the great February weddings, for quite a number of Royalty's younger friends are entering the holy estate in St. Valentine's month.

*The Duchess of Orleans.*

In these days the question of Royal dowries looms large on the horizon, and, accordingly, the French Legitimist world is much interested in the rumour which declares that the young Duchess of Orleans, the wife of the would-be King of France, has lately suffered a considerable money loss. Her dowry, which at the time of the marriage was said to be a quarter of a million pounds, was not, it seems, handed over to her husband at the time of the wedding, but the interest of it was regularly paid by her father. Now her Imperial Highness's mother, the Archduchess Clotilde of Austria, has got into money difficulties, and so the payment of the interest has abruptly stopped. Such is the story set forth by a Viennese paper; but whether it be true or false, it cannot much affect the French Pretender, as the Duke of Orleans is himself one of the wealthiest royal personages in Europe. The Duke and Duchess live a life of pleasant exile in their beautiful Worcestershire home, Wood Norton; but while they are on friendly terms with their English neighbours, their house-parties are almost entirely French in composition, and they seldom go to London. Great state is kept up in the royal household. The Duke and his imperial wife have a regular Court circle—gentlemen and ladies in waiting, and



MR. GEORGE BOHEE, WHO TAUGHT THE KING TO PLAY THE BANJO.

so on—for they naturally regard themselves as *de jure* King and Queen of France, and their devoted adherents and friends treat them accordingly.

FEBRUARY promises to be one of the busiest of royal months, and both the King and Queen have a long list of public and private engagements. Of these, of course, the most important and the most splendid, from the pageant point of view,



THE BANJO ON WHICH THE KING USED TO PLAY WHEN HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES.

**KING EDWARD AS A BANJO-PLAYER.**

It is perhaps not generally known that the King, as Prince of Wales, learned to play the banjo—possibly, indeed, set the fashion once prevailing.

*Photographs by Topical Press.*

daughter. Even as Miss Barbara Fanning this twentieth-century Peeress was noted for her social gifts. She was the life and soul of the cheery house-parties of her step-father, the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, and helped her charming, youthful-looking mother to do the honours of both his town and country houses. Miss Fanning's marriage to the soldier Peer who had so greatly distinguished himself in South Africa was one of the smart events of 1903. Since then the young couple have taken a prominent place in the great world, for they are fond of society and very hospitable, while they share the popular love of motoring. Lady Vivian has a tiny daughter, and a baby son and heir, born last spring.

so on—for they naturally regard themselves as *de jure* King and Queen of France, and their devoted adherents and friends treat them accordingly.

*An Indian Lady of High Degree.*

At the present moment one of the most individual and striking personalities in Society is the intellectual and highly born wife of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, for both her husband and herself are very fond of England, and spend a good deal of their time here. The Maharajah is one of the greatest of Indian potentates, and he possesses every Order and honour which can be conferred on an Eastern Prince of the first class. He had already had a brilliant career as soldier and sportsman when his marriage took place in 1878; and the Maharani, although she celebrated her silver wedding four years ago, is still young-looking, and appears more the sister than the mother of her two sons, who have been educated in the most orthodox fashion, at Eton and at Oxford. Her Highness, in spite of her love of England and her large circle of British friends, is very loyal to her own country. She has done everything to forward the interests of her husband's feminine subjects in Kuch Behar, and it is said that it was she who suggested to the Maharajah the endowment of a number of almshouses at Darjeeling. The

Maharani possesses one of the most splendid collections of gems in the world, and she is always adding to her store, but in her own self she is a woman of simple tastes and great culture.

AN INDIAN LADY OF HIGH DEGREE: THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR.

*Photograph by R. B. Cosway*

*Lady Vivian.*

One of the many well-known people placed in sudden mourning by the death of Sir Henry de Bathe was pretty, clever of gallant old Lady Vivian, who was his favourite grand-



MR. ALFRED WEAVER, WHO MADE THE KING'S BANJO, IN HIS WORKSHOP.

daughter. Even as Miss Barbara Fanning this twentieth-century Peeress was noted for her social gifts. She was the life and soul of the cheery house-parties of her step-father, the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, and helped her charming, youthful-looking mother to do the honours of both his town and country houses. Miss Fanning's marriage to the soldier Peer who had so greatly distinguished himself in South Africa was one of the smart events of 1903. Since then the young couple have taken a prominent place in the great world, for they are fond of society and very hospitable, while they share the popular love of motoring. Lady Vivian has a tiny daughter, and a baby son and heir, born last spring.



## LONDON'S NEW THEATRE AND ITS MANAGER.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND THE PLAYHOUSE.

Mr. Cyril Maude opened his new theatre, the Playhouse, on Monday last, when "Toddies" was presented for the 170th time. It need hardly be said that the Playhouse stands on the site of the old Avenue, which was wrecked by the fall of the roof of Charing Cross Station rather over a year ago. The first night was made the occasion of great rejoicing, and a most interesting programme, which included a Prologue specially written by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

*Setting and Drawing of the Playhouse by "The Sketch"; Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*





# AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

## The Retort Unexpected.

The "New" Theology still holds its own in the daily Press, in spite of the death of one Shah and the coronation of another, of earthquake and famine, of shipwreck and murder. One condition favourable to full and free discussion is this, that there is no obstacle in the way of sermons being reported at the City Temple. It was not always so—in theory, at all events. One of the first declarations of the new pastor which pleased his congregation was to the effect that he wished to dissociate himself from the sale at or near the City Temple of publications having reference to himself or his addresses. Friends of Henry Ward Beecher thought that he would have been very well advised had he made and adhered to a similar resolution. He did not. He published his sermons. In his preface he said, "I never saw a sermon of mine in print but I burned to improve it." And the wicked *Saturday Review* at once retorted that that might have been the best way to improve it.

## The Metamorphosis of a King-Elect.

The confusion which has arisen over the nomination of an Heir-Apparent to the Shah will not be altogether displeasing to Persians. The Eastern mind loves a little mystification. The same instinct animates minds less enlightened than those of the Persians. When Sir Theophilus Shepstone went to crown Cetewayo, near Umgungundhlovu, the paramount consideration was that he should effect a metamorphosis of the King-elect, so that his people should not know him. He was to appear before them a minor and a Prince, vanish, then reappear a full-blown Sovereign. So they pow-wow'd while the Prince appeared his normal self. Then he, with Sir Theophilus and accompanied by only one native, disappeared into a tent guarded by military. Here the Prince rapidly put off the old garb and donned the scarlet robe and the head-dress of sovereignty, and stepped forth no longer a minor or Prince, but a monarch of maturity. Great was the rejoicing.

## Percipient Prejudice.

The Thaw trial has recalled Mr. Choate's dictum that the ideal jurymen in a great criminal trial in New York would be a congenital idiot, deaf and dumb, and unable to read. If the opinion were asked of counsel who had lost a case, you would be assured that the jury to whom appeal has in vain been made was all this and worse. Reason, blind, instinctive reason, may sometimes be on the side of the juror whom counsel fails to convert. It seems to have been on the side of a man who was once summoned to serve on the common jury at Manchester Assizes. The case on which he was to sit had the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway as one of the parties. The man asked to be exempted, as he

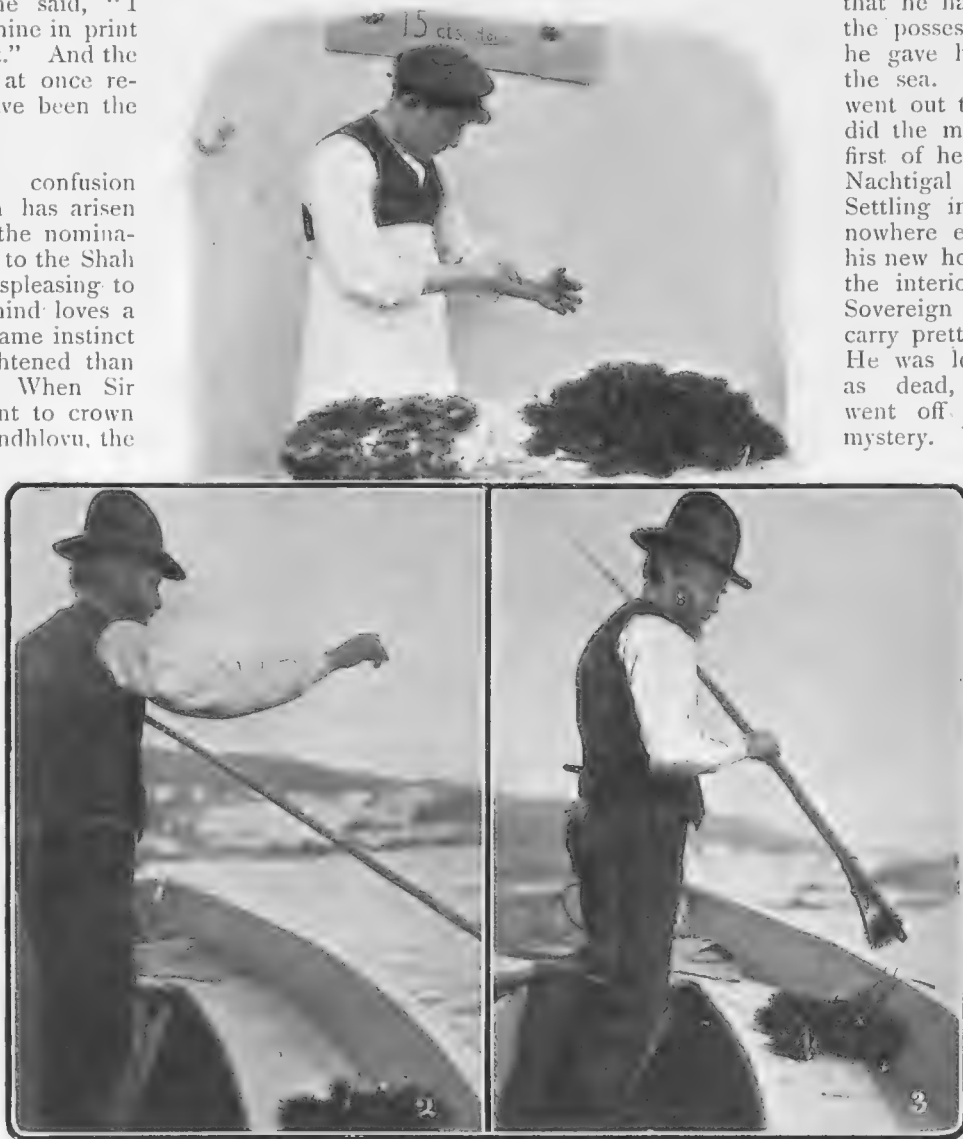
had a violent prejudice against this company. It was a curious reason, but seemed honest, and, there being plenty of other jurymen present, the man *was* exempted. After the rising of the court that day there was an accident on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. One passenger was killed. It was the jurymen with the prejudice against the company.

## Sick Men and Empire.

Rhodesia, the latest information shows, flourishes as the green bay tree, though for the moment the estate of its founder necessitates retrenchment. While this is happening, Germany, officially blessing the name and feats of Gustav Nachtigal, has been, for the time of her elections, secretly wishing either that he had never been born, or that the possessions in West Africa which he gave her were at the bottom of the sea. The builder of Rhodesia went out to South Africa to die; so did the man who gave Germany the first of her African Empire. Gustav Nachtigal was a lesser Rhodes. Settling in Africa because life was nowhere else possible, he throve in his new home, made expeditions into the interior, went on behalf of his Sovereign to the Sultan of Bornu to carry pretty things, and say prettier. He was lost for years and mourned as dead, but he reappeared, and went off again on a mission of mystery. When he again emerged the flag of the Fatherland waved over Togoland, the Cameroons, and Pequena. He returned to civilisation to die, as Rhodes was to die, in the land which had prolonged the life he cheerfully surrendered.

Eleven All. The interesting stories which have recently appeared in the *World* of the curious part which numbers seem to play in the lives of certain people have induced the writer to obtain the consent of the gentleman whose interest in the story is paramount to publication of the following striking sequence of coincidences. A lady whose birthday falls on an eleventh and a gentleman who was born in the eleventh month were married on an eleventh. On an 11th of May their happiness was crowned by the birth of a daughter. The little

stranger, as if conscious of the significance of the eleven to her parents, appeared in the world with an extra thumb, making, of course, the number of her digits eleven. The 11th of May happened immediately to precede the Jubilee Handicap, run at Kempton Park. The proud and happy father, to signalise the coincidence, wired to a commission agent to back No. 11 on the card for the race. No. 11 was Ambition and won, the backer receiving 9 to 1 for a win and 2 to 1 for a place—eleven points in all.



1. OPENING SEA-URCHINS AT A RESTAURANT IN WHICH THEY ARE THE CHIEF ATTRACTION OF THE BILL OF FARE.  
2. DROPPING OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS, IN ORDER THAT THE SEA-URCHIN MAY BE THE EASIER CAUGHT.  
3. THE CAPTURE OF A SEA-URCHIN, SHOWING THE KIND OF "ROD" USED TO EFFECT THE CATCH.

## A NEW ITEM FOR THE MENU: THE SEA-URCHIN AS FOOD.

The sea-urchin, or sea-hedgehog, is eaten freely by many Italians, as it is, or used to be, by Indians in California. It can only be caught in very calm or shallow water, and much care has to be exercised in handling it, as a prick from one of the "spines" causes a bad swelling of the hand. It is eaten raw, produces great thirst, and sells at about twelve for a penny. The common European sea-urchin is classic in the annals of gastronomy. Our illustration shows the capture of *echinus esculentus* in the Mediterranean.

Photographs by Pitcairn Knowles.



A HINT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.



THE TWEENIE: Yer must take care when yer use this knife, Mum. It's sharp on both edges, an' yer might cut yer mouf wiv it.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



It is but seldom that an actor has the opportunity of playing in two pieces of the same name. That, nevertheless, might have been the lot of Mr. James Welch, for Miss Jay's farcical comedy, "When Knights Were Bold," was originally called "The Good Old Times." That title happens, however, to have been applied to a play written by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Hall Caine in the

days of old when Mr. Welch was a young member of the company of the famous actor-manager. It was therefore obviously impossible for him to use it. Of that play Mr. Welch tells an amusing incident. One scene took place on board a boat on a river between the characters represented by Mr. Barrett himself, the late Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, and Mr. Robert Pateman. To convey the impression of movement, a panorama over a hundred yards in length was used. Unhappily, however, it did not run evenly, and at times it would come to a dead stop. To restart it, it was necessary to roll back several feet of the canvas, and then set the machinery going quickly in the proper direction, so as to get past the obstruction. This, as may be imagined, was always a source of great amusement to the audience.

A MUSICAL COMEDY STAR WHO IS TO PLAY IN A STAGE SOCIETY PRODUCTION: MISS MAUDI DARRELL.

Miss Darrell, the Truly St. Cyr of "The Beauty of Bath," is to play in Mr. St. John Hankin's new comedy, "The Cassilis Engagement," due for presentation by the Stage Society on the 10th of next month.

Photograph by the Philco Publishing Company.

One night, when the voyage had been even less successful than usual, and Mr. Barrett could stand it no longer, he exclaimed, "I will get out here and meet you at the next point." Suiting the action to the word, he got off the boat and walked to the next point—off the stage—and presumably on the surface of the water.

The other actors looked at one another and went on rowing. Presently, however, the canvas stopped again. It was a more serious hitch than had occurred before. The order was given to reverse the machinery, and back the scenery rolled. As soon as it started, Mr. George Barrett, who had the oars, saw his opportunity, and began to back water vigorously. It was realism run riot. It did not, however, prevent the audience laughing.

While "The Yeomen of the Guard" still holds the bill alternately with "The Gondoliers," the following incident is not without a peculiar interest of its own. When the repertoire was being performed every week in the country, instead of the costumes of each play being taken out as they were wanted, the actors had their dresses for the week put into their dressing-rooms. One evening Mr. Workman went to the theatre at his usual hour, some time before the curtain rose. After making up for Jack Point, he finished dressing, and sat down to wait until he was called to go on the stage. When he thought it was near the time for his entrance he got up and opened the door to listen to the music that would tell him exactly how much longer rest he had. To his dismay, he heard the

orchestra playing the music of the entrance of Koko—his part—in "The Mikado." He looked at himself in the glass. Unquestionably he was dressed and made up for "The Yeomen of the Guard," and yet "The Mikado" was being played. He became hot and cold all over. A cold perspiration broke out on his brow. He gave an unearthly scream, and then—no, he did not go on the stage as he was—he woke. He was in bed and had merely been dreaming, but while it lasted his suffering had been intense.

While Miss Connie Ediss is taking with her to South Africa many of the songs in which she won success at the Gaiety, (for instance "Class," "Society," "The Way to Treat a Lady," "I think it my business to say so," and "In My Time"), she will by no means rely on them for her repertoire, for she has taken many new ones with her, written, for the most part, by Mr. Harrington Tate. Later on, no doubt, when, in due course, she returns to the Gaiety, we shall hear some of them, for, judging from their titles, they should prove to be peculiarly suited to the actress. Among them are "Ah! Eh! Oh!" "I think I did it very well," "I never felt so awkward in my life," "If she did, she wouldn't tell you; why should she?" and "When I marry a millionaire."



IN MISS CONNIE EDISS'S SHOES IN "THE NEW ALADDIN," AT THE GAIETY: MISS RUTH ARGENT.

Miss Ruth Argent is now playing the Spirit of the Ring in "The New Aladdin," vice Miss Connie Ediss, on holiday. She has already done much good, if comparatively unobtrusive, work at the Gaiety.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

The title of the last is not to be taken as prophetic, for Miss Ediss's characteristic comment on the suggestion was, "I wouldn't marry a millionaire for millions; I prefer to work for my living."

Before she started Miss Ediss was the recipient of many presents from several members of the Gaiety company, as well as from private friends. Among those which particularly touched her were a silver backed mirror from the men who put her up the trap in "The New Aladdin," and silver-backed brushes and comb to match from the women dressers of the theatre, while the ladies of the chorus sent her a magnificent travelling-rug. During the last few nights of her appearance an incident happened which gave Mr. Edmund Payne the opportunity for an excellent gag. As the trap through which she appeared closed, it caught Miss Ediss's dress, and she had to stand still, for if she had attempted to move she would have left it behind her. "Hullo!" said Mr. Payne, "you see they want to keep you here."

Lady readers who admired the front cover of the Christmas *Sketch* will be interested in knowing that Miss Ediss likewise thought so much of its pictorial possibilities for stage purposes

that she took it to Madame Vernon, the well-known dressmaker, and had a dress made like it for use on her South African tour. It is an arrangement in nasturtium colours, the scarf being blue, and in it she will sing an imitation Spanish song.



A DRAMATIC MEETING BETWEEN MR. LIONEL BROUGH AND AN OLD CLOWN WHOSE LIFE HE SAVED.

Five-and-twenty years ago Mr. "Lal" Brough and Mr. Harry Paulo were playing together at the old Aquarium. During the performance Mr. Paulo had to jump through a piece of scenery and take a dive of some thirty feet. On one occasion he missed his footing and fell that distance, and he would undoubtedly have been seriously injured, if not killed, had Mr. Brough not caught him. Mr. Brough and Mr. Paulo met at Olympia the other day for the first time in 25 years.

Photograph by Halfstones, Limited.



THE LITTLE KNOWLEDGE THAT IS DANGEROUS.



BROWN: I only knew my wife six weeks before I married her.  
TOMKINS: That's nothing. I only knew mine six weeks after.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THAT Mrs. Craigie should have a memorial is fitting enough; but that it should take the form of scholarships in literature and plaques showing her portrait will disappoint many of her admirers. She was a woman who knew most things, and she knew that attempts to make authors of those not to the manner born are fatuous, and that the sculpture of the day is futile. What she would have best liked as a memorial—for she was a woman of strong heart and of uncommon common-sense—would be a cot in a children's hospital endowed in her name. Over that bed-head hang her portrait, by all means—a photograph which does no despite to art, and which records her beauty far better than any plaque is likely to reproduce it.

A long dead-and-gone woman of Letters, whose happy name our grandmothers loved, and we remember with respect, Felicia Hemans, is even now to be commemorated by the founding of a cot at the Royal Waterloo Hospital. I wish all success to the fund that is being raised for this charity. Such verses as "The Graves of a Household" still hold the nursery; and they have a delicacy and tenderness of touch often missed both then and now in compositions of their class. The scheme has its double interest, for it not only honours Mrs. Hemans appropriately, but suggests the hope that perhaps in years to come readers of Mrs. Craigie may follow this excellent example, and do at last what some think might very properly be done to-day.

The death announced of the last surviving son of Douglas Jerrold is naturally the death of an old man. Jerrold was held to be the chief wit among the men of Letters of the last century's 'forties. As there was a "set" of Ben Jonson's men, a set of Dryden's men, a set of Dr. Johnson's men, a set of Emerson's men, in their several times and places, so there was a set of Dickens's men, and Douglas Jerrold was one of them. Literary men have lived by ones and twos and threes, but they have also lived in cliques and companies, and the groups just mentioned were particularly gregarious.

Some of Jerrold's oral witticisms seem to the modern taste a little crude, but we cannot revive in ourselves the strange high spirits in which they seemed to be heard and uttered. Life and letters went with a "roar"—at any rate, by word of mouth. But there is the printed page, and we peruse it in the cold blood of another generation—the printed page of "The Caudle Curtain Lectures," in the early *Punch*. Can any reader fairly say they are not deplorably and essentially vulgar?

Mr. Jerrold the Younger was himself an industrious penman, mostly about horticulture, and he had the knack of knowing a good title when he called one of his books "The Garden that Paid the Rent." That is a garden the site of which is almost as lost in the world, I fancy, as the Garden of Eden's. One great author tried his hand at market-gardening—his carts came in with the rest from Twickenham to Covent Garden. That was Mr. Blackmore; but he told me that he had to subsidise the fruit-trees by the royalties from "Lorna Doone." On the other hand, there were literary gardens that have squared this reckoning. "The Garden that I Love" has paid all the expenses of the Poet Laureate's flowers at

Ashford; and "The Garden of Allah" gains for Mr. Hichens the price of such a garden as might environ the palace of a Kubla Khan.

Mr. Whistler was ever a fighter; everybody felt that he could not rest quiet in his coffin if there were no contest over his biography and his biographers. So the case of "Phillip versus Pennell" comes as a fulfilment of the general expectation, and it will no doubt be fought finely out according to Whistlerian traditions. Miss Birnie Phillip is the sister-in-law and executor of the painter; the Pennells need no explanation; Mr. Heinemann, the publisher commissioning the work, was his friend. All parties have this in common—they are devoted to the name and work of Whistler. The fight over details is therefore one that ought to lend itself readily, on both sides, to a certain sense of humour.

The personal reticence that helped to make Lady Burne-Jones's memorials of her husband one of the most perfect books of biography ever written left no

gaps in the immediate story she had in hand, but it left the reader more than willing to hear further of her own family—the Macdonalds. This willingness will bring readers to the book of essays just published by her brother, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, who was Burne-Jones's school-fellow, and who brought the artist into the family of the Birmingham Wesleyan Methodist. That was an event not, perhaps, without a religious as well as a domestic influence over the painter, for he was hearing the call to Rome in those days, and, after a perusal of the works of one of the Wilberforce seceders, both he and William Morris were left very restless in their Protestantism.

Lady Burne-Jones has a very pretty wit. It finds a place here and there in the pages of her biography of her husband. But it has its more characteristic play in her ordinary talk, and has an excellent illustration in a certain territorial title, for instance, she has conferred (in strict confidence) on her nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling.—M. E.



FERRYMAN: 'Ere yer are, Mum. Shove yer over fer sixpence.  
[The O'd Lady does not quite see it.]

DRAWN BY CONRAD H. LEIGH.



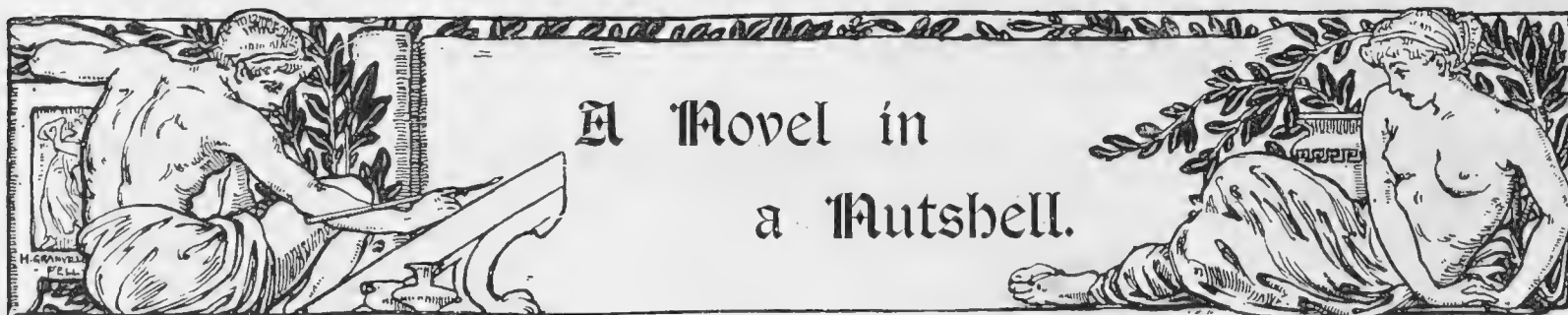
ON THE WAY TO THE ALHAMBRA.



"TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."

*(With apologies to the Zancigs.)*

DRAWN BY J. H. THORPE.



## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### THE DUCHESS AND THE MAID.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

MARY, DUCHESS OF BIRCHESTER sat in her boudoir in the Birchchester town house, which is on the west side of Berkeley Square. She was in a peculiarly dissatisfied mood. Circumstances had combined to ruffle what usually was a complacent personality. She had been on a visit to Burnay—sufficient cause for considerable ruffling. Lord Burnay was a cousin of Birchchester's. It is a well-known truism that the relatives with whom one is hampered by birth are bad, but the relatives forced into one's reluctant bosom by marriage are infinitely worse. Burnay, in addition to being an acquired relative, was a Cabinet Minister with a theological bent, a cumulation of horrors sufficient to depress the lightest-hearted Duchess. And Mary, Duchess of Birchchester was that growing anomaly, a well-born Peeress, and had no humour of the music-hall with which to leaven dull decorum. Bridge was taboo at Burnay—another grievous thing. And, above all, on the way down her jewel-case containing the famous Birchchester tiara had been stolen.

The manner of the theft followed the usual custom. It had no spark of originality to relieve its crudeness. There was some bustle at the railway terminus; the footman whose duty it was to look after the precious case had had his attention momentarily distracted, a substitution had been effected, and nothing had been discovered until the arrival at Burnay. The substituted case was a marvel of exactness. The Duchess herself had no apprehension until it was opened in her presence by her maid. A few stones—not precious—were all it contained.

Burnay had contrived to see in this unoriginal theft an intervention of Providence not unconnected with bridge.

"My dear Mary, I hope it will be a lesson," he had said. "No doubt it is intended as a warning." Being unconvincing, he invariably spoke impressively.

There had followed interviews with detectives, alert men who persisted in suspecting the unlikeliest people and demanded particulars of her Grace's occupations, which her Grace found very inconvenient to give.

"My dear Burnay," she had said; "why do we fuss? The tiara is insured. The What-d'You-Call-'Em Burglary Insurance people will pay the amount—it was insured for a little more than its actual value, in deference to our family pride. And that's an end to it. The thing is not very old—not two hundred years. Besides, by now they've melted it down or cut it up or done whatever they do to these things."

"Birchester is my cousin. His only claim to fame was in the possession of that tiara, for as Dukes go nowadays a jewel two hundred years in the family is a notable adjunct to rank. And I like to have famous relatives. That also is unique in the Cabinet." So had Burnay remonstrated, with other references to bridge "absurdly beside the point," as the Duchess thought. In conclusion he had evinced some shrewdness. "Besides, my dear Mary, you have not yet received the cheque."

That fact remained unaltered now, and was largely instrumental in rendering Mary, Duchess of Birchchester dissatisfied. To her uncommercial mind the transaction should have been so simple. You insured your jewels against theft, your jewels were stolen, therefore you should at once receive a cheque for the amount. That happy simplicity of procedure had not obtained. She had received not a cheque but letters, admirably typewritten no doubt, but otherwise unsatisfactory. They had a clue, they were making all inquiries, and matters were progressing, were the brief epitomes of the insurance company's lengthy epistles. She had written in answer that the details of their daily occupations were not at all interesting to her, and she would esteem a cheque by return. By return they had sent her a more than usually alert detective, who had suggested Birchchester as the possible conjurer of the case, and had been more curious as to her Grace's habits and customs than any of his predecessors.

Her Grace had been indignant.

"You don't know his Grace!" she had cried. "This theft required practice—it was uncommonly well done. My husband is on the board of only one company, and that does not pay even

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directors' fees. You see how impossible it is that this could have been his work. Certainly I play bridge—I daresay you play draughts. But I hardly see how our predilections affect this matter."

This last alert man had vacated her boudoir only half an hour ago. There were therefore admirable reasons why Mary, Duchess of Birchchester was dissatisfied.

A rather peremptory knock at the door hardly roused her. She supposed vaguely that it was another alert detective who would insist upon suspecting the butler. She would have to be firm there. Such a butler as Miggs was not to be replaced. Husbands may be replaced, good butlers never.

The door opened, and a quiet, self-possessed woman of thirty entered. She was dressed in black, and she wore no hat. Her face was more shrewd than pretty, and more capable than handsome. She had a determined mouth and chin, and a certain pride was denoted by the way she carried her head.

"Ah, Parker," Mary, Duchess of Birchchester said, "I thought you had gone home. Surely your mother was dead, or your niece was to be christened? Something of a family nature, I know. It was on the eve of that annoying journey to Burnay, too, and I had to go without you. With a cousin-in-law's maid one cannot—Positively, my complexion wore atrociously, Parker. Everyone remarked on my ill looks. And I gave you a fortnight's leave. I remember I thought it a long time for a funeral or a christening; but I really know nothing of these functions in your sphere of life."

"I am sorry that I inconvenienced your Grace. I do not think your Grace's complexion is much the worse." Her manner of speaking conveyed the impression that she was thinking of something else.

"Oh, my dear woman, I had it renovated directly I got back from that terrible place. Really, Parker, Cabinet Ministers grow more like Dissenting ministers every year. And their wives like Dissenting Ministers' wives."

"Never mind them, your Grace." She spoke sharply.

"I don't, Parker, I don't. If I did, life would be unlivable." Her Grace sighed. "The political woman of our set masquerades in the virtues of the lower orders, and the virtues don't fit. If one might say it of virtues, they seem a trifle loose."

"I wish to speak to your Grace."

"Surely they haven't suspected you, Parker? Ah, you have been away, but you have heard—?" She closed her eyes wearily.

"I have heard about your loss of the tiara." There was a distinct note of acerbity in the maid's voice.

"Ah, yes, you would. I was never in the newspapers before, Parker—never!" Her Grace became querulous. "I used to boast of my immunity from print. Now they have dragged in everything about me. One paper brazenly asserts that I am fond of muffins and eat three for tea. What has that to do with the theft? I ask you, Parker, what possible connection can it have?"

"I wish to speak to your Grace about it."

"The muffins, Parker?"

"No, the theft. I have taken the liberty of telling Miggs that you are engaged, and will be so for an hour."

"That was thoughtful of you, Parker. Really, I am being slowly talked to death by detectives."

"It is a personal matter with me, your Grace." An angry light gleamed in the eyes of the maid, generally so passively capable.

"Then they have suspected you!" cried her Grace. "Take no notice of it, Parker. It is a common affliction I assure you. They have suspected Birchchester, and I am in hourly fear that Miggs will be the next."

"No, they have not suspected me. I am the last person in the world they would suspect."

"Why? I really don't see why they should not. One man seriously suggested my brother Jack. He was so positive, and sketched out poor Jack's probable course of action so graphically that I nearly believed he was guilty. I was quite relieved when I remembered Jack was dead."

"The reason why they are not likely to suspect me is—that I stole the tiara." The maid could not altogether restrain an accent of pride.

[Continued overleaf.]



## FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## VI.—THE SMUGGLERS' WINE.

"Good brand, that!" said Smuggler Jake. "But it's a terrible pity there are so many empty bottles." "Being honest men, I suppose it is share and share alike, as per usual," said Smuggler Bill; "but it looks a bit awkward. Let's see. There are seven quart bottles of wine and seven pint bottles of wine, with five empty quart and five empty pint bottles. I suppose we agree that two pint bottles are equal to one quart bottle?" "Right you are," said Jake. "But how are we to make a fair and square division so that we each get the same quantity of fizz and the same number of each size of bottle?" "I suppose," remarked Bill, "we can't pour from one bottle to another?" "Impossible to treat good champagne that way," insisted Jake. Before they had settled the division the day dawned, and the Coastguardsmen swept down upon them and captured the lot. But how could the division have been made equitably? It was quite possible.—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

"You, Parker!" cried her Grace, in amazement. "Why?"

"It is my profession, your Grace."

"But—but you are my maid! And an excellent maid."

"In the same way that an actress is an excellent dairymaid. It is all a matter of professional training. I own that I have never before achieved so high a position as maid to a Duchess. My testimonials were hardly sufficient, I thought."

"No—they were not." Her Grace paused for a moment. "I think it was the name. It was so typical a name for a lady's maid."

"Your Grace has always been an admirer of the British drama."

"Ah, was that it? . . . But the tiara. Really, Parker, after what you have said I must ask you to ring the bell. I shall have to give you in charge. It's all most annoying."

"You will not give me in charge," the maid answered confidently.

"If you are going to crave for mercy—"

"Oh, no; I shall not do that."

"You are a very remarkable person, Parker."

"I am, your Grace." The maid spoke modestly, but with a certain accent of honest pride. "Professionally, I have no equal."

"As a maid?"

"As a thief. It is there that you have hurt me. When I think of it I feel so mortified that I could burst into tears."

"I hope you won't, Parker. Tears always depress me. On consideration, I think it is unwise of me to continue speaking to you. Please ring, Parker." Her Grace became perceptibly severe.

"I really do not think your Grace appreciates the position. In the first place, I shall not ring; in the second place, I have given strict orders that you are not to be disturbed; and in the third place, you are—if I may respectfully say so—in my power. Above all, you have done me a wrong, and I know that your love of justice, inherent in all members of the hereditary ruling Peers—believe me, I insinuate nothing against those Scotch and Irish families which are unrepresentative—will insist upon your righting it."

"I was under the impression that you had done *me* a wrong," gasped Mary, Duchess of Birchester. "Surely the theft of the Birchester tiara—"

"Your impression is erroneous. I stole a tiara—not the Birchester tiara. That is how you have humbled me—that is how you have hurt my professional pride."

Mary, Duchess of Birchester would have grown pale if her recently renovated complexion had permitted such a feat. As it was, she fell back limply in the embrace of the cushions of her chair.

"What do you mean, Parker?" she demanded in a shaking voice.

"I stole a tiara from your case—or rather, I engineered it. The absolute details are, of course, left to subordinates. I arranged everything. I had the substituted case made to my own designs. I myself ascertained the exact weight of your jewel-case when packed. I am not sure whether you weighed the substituted case with the pebbles it contained? Possibly not. For my own sake, I could wish you had. It was quite accurate. The mere trick of substitution was carried out by my subordinates. You can imagine my extreme mortification when I found that a paste tiara had been substituted. I subjected the tiara to no tests—reprehensibly careless, no doubt; but I relied on you. I confess I have been deceived in you—grossly deceived."

"I don't—don't understand, Parker," her Grace said weakly.

"Shall I continue?" said the maid, firmly but respectfully. "I have ascertained that the Birchester tiara is pawned, and that the counterfeit was then made. That was some time before I came to you. Since then you have done pretty well at bridge. Had you been incurring losses I should have been more careful. You will perceive that it is useless to protest further, as I am acquainted with all the facts."

Her Grace thought for a while. Then she sat forward a little. This action caused the maid something of uneasiness. She would have preferred dealing with a perfectly limp Duchess.

"The theft even of a paste tiara is a theft, and punishable, is it not?" the Duchess inquired. "I daresay you know more about such matters than I do, Parker; but I believe I am correct."

"That is so. But the fact of the paste substitution would be made known."

"It might—I throw this out as a suggestion, Parker—it might have been made by you for substitution."

"That is ingenious—but it will hardly hold water. I am used to thinking these matters out. It is part of my professional equipment. You forget the pawnbroker."

"It occurred to me," said the Duchess, gradually becoming possessed of more backbone, "it distinctly occurred to me that Erickstein, having in his possession an article worth far more than the amount lent upon it, would respect my secret. Surely his business would suffer if he were known to betray family secrets?"

"There would be the difficulty of disposal. But I confess I do not rely upon this. Erickstein, no doubt, made the paste copy?"

"He did. I am not a business woman, Parker, but—but there is no correspondence between us, not even an account. My father used to say it was beneath our position to write on business matters. A bad memory is then so useful."

"So there is only Erickstein in the secret?"

"Exactly. And having no absolute proof of the transaction, he would hardly accuse me of—of ordering a substitute. You see, Parker, one can really trust no one nowadays. For all Erickstein knows I might say he had substituted the paste one for the real,

which was sent to him for cleaning. The discovery of the real tiara in his safe might lend colour to the statement."

The maid glanced at the Duchess with admiration.

"I do not think I ever appreciated your Grace at your true worth before," she said. "If we could be partners—"

"No, no," murmured the Duchess. "*Noblesse oblige*. Besides, it's a risky business at the best. If I have to go into trade I prefer marriage brokerage."

"Then—I grieve to say it, but I really have no alternative; the confidence of my subordinates is shaken, my position at the head of my profession is threatened—then I must remind you that his Grace does not know of this transaction with Erickstein, and that he will be informed."

"Ah, my husband—I had forgotten him," said the Duchess. "The habits of years are so difficult to eradicate quickly. Of course, Birchester would believe anything to my demerit. Such a gullible man otherwise. It is strange, is it not? Well, what do you propose?"

"You grant I have a strong card there?"

"There are certainly reasons why at the present moment I am not anxious that Birchester should have the whip hand of me."

"May I presume to guess at the reasons?" smiled the maid.

"It would be, as you say, presumption," answered her Grace.

"You have done fairly well at bridge lately?"

"I have been fortunate in discovering some enthusiastic players. They have had little experience. I helped to correct that. This is an age of education, Parker."

"Not always free, your Grace."

"Well, well. There are no scholarships tenable at the University of the World."

"Of course I could not ask you for the full value of the Birchester tiara. That is fifteen thousand, I believe?"

"You flatter me and it. Ten thousand is the outside price. Some of the stones are Brazilian."

"What did you get on it with Erickstein?"

"Three thousand. It was all I needed just to tide over."

"Are you in a position to redeem?"

"Yes."

"Suppose we say that amount? I am really dealing lightly with you. In view of those reasons concerning your Grace and his Grace, about which it would be presumptuous to assert a knowledge, I think I am dealing very lightly with you."

"I am right in presuming you have the counterfeit with you?"

"Yes. It is in a cardboard box done up in brown paper in the hall."

"And that I shall retain it?"

"You will redeem it with the three thousand."

"Very well. I must give you a cheque—I have no cash by me. Will you ring for Miggs and ask him to fetch the cardboard box and the brown paper?"

"I should prefer cashing the cheque first."

Mary, Duchess of Birchester smiled as she rose slowly from her chair and crossed the room to a small davenport.

"Naturally. But I should prefer possession of the counterfeit first—also naturally. An exchange, Parker, will be an alteration of your methods, of course, for we are told it is no robbery. But you must do me the favour of pocketing your professional predilections for once."

"Your signature to the cheque will be a safeguard."

"You perceive I place myself in your hands," agreed her Grace. "Please ring."

The maid thought for a moment, then rang. When Miggs appeared, she gave the necessary directions. In the meantime, her Grace chose a pen with elaboration, and wrote a cheque with the deliberation characteristic of her. She blotted it carefully and thoughtfully, and then held it in her hand.

"Not until the exchange, Parker," she said. "I am so unused to these little transactions that I force myself to be as careful as possible for my own protection."

Miggs returned with a package, a slight expression of disdain at the plebeian brown paper visible upon his face.

"Thank you," said her Grace and Parker simultaneously, both holding out hands. Miggs considered the demands with care, and deliberately chose the Duchess, for rank will tell, even with a butler.

"Your Grace—" commenced Parker.

"Oh, Miggs," said the Duchess, clasping the box thankfully, "you will be glad to hear that the tiara is quite safe. Parker has only just heard of my loss—she has a cultivated distaste for newspapers quite remarkable in this age of literary dissipation—and has hurried to me at once. It appears that, owing to a misunderstanding, she returned the tiara to safe keeping." Her hand closed more firmly on the box. "If any more alert detectives call, you may say that it was mislaid. You can go, Miggs."

"Very good, your Grace," said Miggs, and went.

"Oh, here is the cheque, Parker," her Grace observed, laying it on the davenport, and stripping the cardboard box.

"There is a mistake, your Grace," cried the maid. "You have made out the cheque for two guineas!"

"Exactly," answered the Duchess—"in lieu of a month's wages. You have taken great care of this, Parker," she added, taking out the tiara. "Thank you so much. Good afternoon."

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

**S**T. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, has seldom witnessed a more pretty winter wedding than that of Mr. Clive Wilson, D.S.O., most popular and gallant of Tranby Crofters, to Signora Elvira Magherini. There are curiously few Italians married to English-

men, and last week's bride will be a distinguished as well as a beautiful addition to the lovely group of young hostesses who bear by birth or marriage the name of Wilson. The fact that Signora Magherini was a widow was not allowed to deprive the wedding ceremony of any of its brilliancy, but the orthodox train of bridesmaids was replaced by a dainty little girl, Miss Hilary Wilson, a niece of the bridegroom. Royalty graced the marriage in the person of stalwart Prince Francis of Teck, and the bride was "parented" by Mr. and Mrs. Lockett Agnew, who gave the reception that followed in Portman Square.



MR. CLIVE H. A. WILSON, D.S.O.,  
WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE  
LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Turner and Drinkwater.

if taken singly, will last fifty years. We know something about long trials in this country, where causes have continued from reign to reign over comparative trivialities. The Tichborne trial, which most of us remember, lasted, all told, from May 11, 1871, until Feb. 28, 1874. That, of course, includes the civil proceedings as well as the prosecution. We often hear it said that this orator or the other has made the longest speech on record. In that case the future Lord Chief Justice alone took twenty-six days to make his speech for the Tichbornes. The trial cost the estate £92,000. What will the Druce trial cost, and how long will that take? We are not likely to have our stock of quotations enriched by this trial. The Tichborne case did make an addition. It was the Claimant's famous motto: "Some men has plenty money and no brains, and some men has plenty brains and no money. Surely men with plenty money and no brains were made for men with plenty brains and no money."

What will the  
German Socialists  
Say?

The Emperor William has just held the great annual festival of the "Orders," at which all the principal wearers of the Prussian decorations are received by him. The German Sovereign is, of course, the Grand Master of all the German Orders, and Grand Protector of the Order of St. John, and he wears their stars on all his uniforms. But there are three German decorations which the Kaiser does not possess, and they are the Order "Pour le Mérite"; the Iron Cross, which is like our Victoria Cross; and his own institution, the Order of William II., which he founded in

1896 to reward eminent services in social and political economy. As for

foreign Orders, the Kaiser possesses most of them, the only two of great importance which he has not got being the Golden Fleece of Austria, which is only given to Roman Catholics, and the Legion of Honour, as might have been expected. The Emperor William I. had the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and he sometimes wore it, even after the war of 1870, as a compliment to the French Ambassador. His Star and Red Ribbon are now to be seen in the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin.

"Sarah" as a Dwarf.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest rôle is a merry little hunchback, who jests in verse. The play is a pretty "conceit" in four acts, written by M. Miguel Zamacois, who has already signed some score of dramatic works. Zamacois began his career as a painter, but he preferred to paint life on the stage rather than in the studio. He dropped the palette and took up the pen.



MRS. CLIVE H. A. WILSON, WHOSE  
WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST  
WEEK.

Photograph by Turner and Drinkwater.

He is a graduate of Montmartre, and Montmartre, as you know, is the dramatic hub of the world. That is where all the clever plays are born, the clever plays that are wise and witty, and the clever plays that are witty without being wise. Like Maurice Donnay, who is the most fashionable of playwrights nowadays, he made acquaintance with audiences from the footlights of the "Black Cat"—the poor Black Cat that has come to the end of its ninth life and is no more.

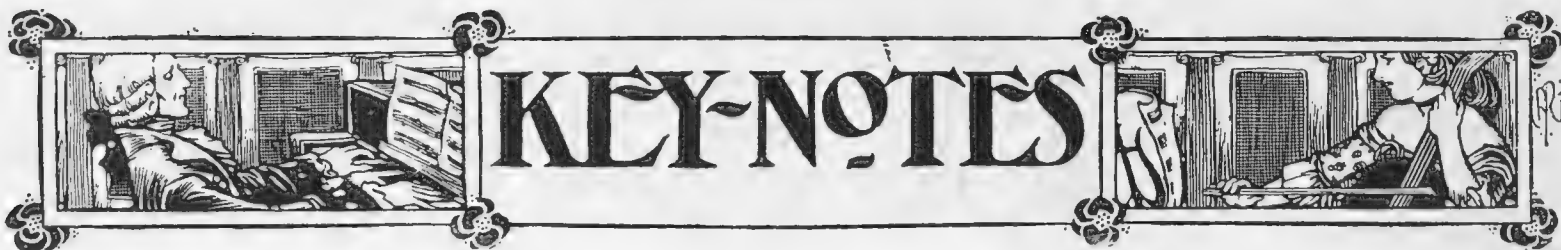
American  
Enterprise.

In this slow old country no girl expects to have her nose put out of joint—we speak figuratively, of course—on that day of days, her wedding day, by her mother's coming forward and explaining with all proper blushes that she too is a happy bride, having been secretly married a day or so before! Yet that is what actually happened to Miss Ida Zeisnizz, of Atlantic City—and more also. These things seem to be catching, for poor Ida had hardly recovered from her astonishment when her elder sister, Mathilda, in a few plain and well-chosen words, riveted the attention of the company on herself. Said Mathilda, "I am not Miss Zeisnizz, but Mrs. Nelson Edwards, and there is my husband to prove it." We are sorry for Nelson, but it was no use his trying to hide behind the bridesmaids or the wedding-cake, or other convenient cover; he had to come out, "looking," so declares the chronicler, "supremely foolish, but extremely pleased." The company must by that time have begun to eye one another suspiciously, speculating whether there was any really unmarried person present at all.



THE UP-TO-DATE AMIR: OUR AFGHAN GUEST IN INDIA  
READING THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

Our drawing is reproduced from the "Illustrated London News," and is by S. Begg, from authoritative sketches. "The Amir," says the "Illustrated London News," "is a constant reader of the 'Illustrated London News' and 'The Sketch.' He looks forward to Thursday, the day when the papers arrive, and if they are not sent in promptly he asks the reason why. The official translator turns into Persian all the descriptions of the pictures, and anything relating to the Amir is written on the margin in red, the rest in black. Arrows are put in pointing to particular persons." He reads in the study or the garden. In winter the study is lighted and heated by electricity. The Amir is very quick to take hints from our pictures. From one of them he took the idea for the open-air festival which he gave in celebration of his last birthday."—[By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."]



THE first performance of "Der Fliegende Holländer" at Covent Garden during the past week was, though successful, perhaps not so striking a success as the operas which had been given before. The interpretation was chiefly remarkable for the wonderful orchestral playing of the band, under the conductorship of Herr Arthur Nikisch. All the delicacy and lightness that are in this remarkable score were brought out by him in a truly astonishing manner. The overture was especially noteworthy, the grimness of the music being marked with intense passion, and yet with restraint. Herr Bertram took the part of the Dutchman, and although he sang exceedingly well, he made it appear dull, which, though it is a distinctly gloomy rôle, it should not be. As Senta, Frau von Westhoven both sang and acted capitally. In the great duet with Erik (sung by Herr Franz Naval) both these artists acquitted themselves to perfection. The chorus also did splendid work, taking every possible advantage of the fine music allotted to them.

The Queen's Hall Orchestra gave a concert a few days ago, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, the greater part of which was devoted to the works of Mozart. The programme opened with three Overtures by this composer, the last of which was that to "Die Zauberflöte." The interpretation did not seem to possess all the tenderness and charm which the music demands, nor was the "Jupiter" Symphony in C as delicate as it might have been. Especially was this notable in the "Andante Cantabile"; certain passages were magnificently rendered, but as a whole it seemed to lack distinction. The third movement, "Minuetto and Trio," was played finely, with distinction and breadth of feeling, though at times this, too, seemed to fall short of one's expectations. Mr. Wood gave a very excellent rendering of Sibelius' Symphonic Poem, "Finlandia," and also of Claude Debussy's Prelude, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," this latter work having been produced by Mr. Wood at a Promenade Concert last autumn. The programme concluded with the closing scene from

"Die Götterdämmerung," sung by Miss Agnes Nicholls. The singer was obviously suffering from illness, and had to be accommodated on the platform with a chair. She very pluckily, however, went through with her task.

Another interesting concert at the Queen's Hall during the past week was that given by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Richter. Dvorák's Fifth Symphony, "From the New World," was magnificently played, Richter drawing from his orchestra some most delicate and touching passages, the finale being especially fine. Bach's Overture in B minor for flute and strings was almost flawlessly rendered, the solo instrument being played by Mr. D. S. Wood. Elgar's Overture, "In the South," was a delight to listen to, once

and three Elizabethan pastorals by Dr. Herbert Brewer. These charming songs, which were produced at the Hereford Festival last September, were delightfully sung by Mr. Coates.

Miss Florence Collingbourne, who retired from the stage a few years ago on her marriage, but has been singing at the Caxton Hall Ballad Concerts lately on more than one occasion, gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, in conjunction with Mr. Robin Overleigh. Miss Collingbourne sang only French songs in the early part of the programme, and gave a most delightful rendering of Madame Chaminade's "L'Été"; she has a light and flexible voice, and this style of song is particularly suited to her temperament. Mr. Robin Overleigh sang, among other things, Handel's "Honour and Arms," Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," and Schumann's "Wenn Ich in deine Augen Seh"; he was, on the whole, perhaps most successful in the last-named, which he rendered with much feeling. Miss Hilda Barnes contributed violin solos by Popper and Saint-Saëns.

The production of Richard Strauss's "Salome" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York a few evenings ago seems to have created quite a profound sensation, when an immense audience, we are told, foregathered to witness the performance. The music appears to be intensely complex, and the profound impression it created seems to have been due as much to the magnificent interpretation the opera received at the hands of the artists engaged as to the music itself.

Mr. Christopher Maony, the Irish vocalist who gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall last week, threw up a commission in the Army in order that he might study music in Paris and Italy. He, however, accepted a commission when the war broke out in South Africa, but was invalided home after eight months' service. On regaining his strength he again returned to his regiment, and end of the war. He has since then

SISTER DUETTISTS WHO SANG AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL LAST MONDAY: THE MISSES EUGÉNIE AND VIRGINIA SASSARD.

The Misses Sassard gave a concert at the Æolian Hall on Monday last, and sang duets by Tschaiakowsky, Dvorák, and Henri Busser. Miss Eugénie Sassard was also on the programme for Cornelius's "Brautlied"; and Miss Virginia Sassard for songs by Brahms, Debussy, and Rachmaninoff.

Photograph by Gabell.



remained with it until the been studying again on the Continent, and at the concert in question showed that he has a very sympathetic bass voice, and has made good use of his opportunities. He sang, among other things, excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Faust," and "La Sonnambula," and did ample justice to the music he had undertaken to interpret. Miss Gladys Horsford also contributed some songs which gave much pleasure to her audience.

We hear on all sides of the continued success of Madame Maria Gay, who made so great a sensation at Covent Garden in the late autumn. At La Scala, in Milan, she has been playing the part of Carmen to immense houses; it is said that within a few days this opera has been given no fewer than ten times. The Don José of Signor Zenatello was, we are told, equally fascinating. Madame Maria Gay is also to sing in March in "Orfeo" and in "Aida." By all music-lovers her return to Covent Garden next autumn will be looked forward to with much pleasure.

COMMON CHORD.



A SINGER AT THE BURNS CONCERT GIVEN AT THE ALBERT HALL ON SATURDAY LAST: MME. ELLA RUSSELL. The concert was under the direction of the Scottish Clans Association of London.

Photograph by Charles Cook.

more showing how deeply the spirit of Italy had entered into the composer's thoughts. Mr. John Coates was the vocalist of the evening, and sang "From Boyhood Trained," from "Oberon,"



TO GIVE A RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL ON THE 2ND OF THE MONTH: MISS LENORA SPARKES.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.





A CASE OF NON-DELIVERY: MORAL, BUY YOUR CARS AT HOME—THE DUNLOP STEEL-STUDDED TYRE—THE PERFECT SPEED-INDICATOR AND THE POLICE—THE TOURIST TROPHY BODIES—BRITISH CARS FOR THE GRAND PRIX—FROST AND GLYCERINE.

JUDGING by the case (recently tried on the Continent) in which a gentleman recovered £600 paid many months before as a deposit on account of the price of a racing-car, it would appear that, as a general rule, a man is wise to deal with sound and reliable agents in this country rather than purchase abroad. Had the gentleman aforesaid gone to the accredited agents in this country for the car concerned—who are, it may be said, Messrs. Ducros-Mercédès, of Long Acre—there would have been no such coil about the matter as an irritating and costly process in a foreign court of law. The victor in this case must be largely out of pocket, in addition to the months of weary delay and disappointment spent in expectation of the car that never came. When a firm like Messrs. Ducros-Mercédès make a contract with a purchaser, they do so with a time-limit, and if that limit is exceeded by one jot or tittle, the deposit is refunded immediately, if required.

For upwards of a year the Dunlop Tyre Company have carried out exhaustive experiments in search of an anti-skid appliance which shall be free of many, if not all, the defects of the many contrivances which now seek to achieve that so desirable end. The company now claim to have obtained eminently satisfactory results. With the new steel-studded Dunlops, the steel studs, in lieu of being riveted to a strip of leather and attached to the cover, are built into the fabric so as to form an inherent part of the cover itself. It is claimed that by this method resiliency is not decreased, friction, and consequently heat, is not developed, and there is no part which can become detached. As a proof that steel-studded Dunlops exert little or no slowing effect, it should be noted that the Napier car which won the *Graphic* trophy in the Isle of Man was at the time shod with steel-studded Dunlops. Tyre-users should, however, always bear in mind that while metal-studded tyres afford immunity from side-slip, and make puncture practically impossible, they must not be expected to wear as long as all-rubber tyres. Given fair usage, the Dunlop steel-studded covers can be re-treaded.

Apart from the pleasure and information which such a fitting as Smith's Perfect Speed Indicator can afford, it may yield undeniable testimony before a tribunal, and there be preferred even to the sworn statements of an impeccable constabulary. At the end of last month the very inventor of the above-named apparatus was being driven through a certain Surrey village by his son, when two constables rushed out and, as usual, asserted that the speed exceeded the limit. Upon it being shown to them that the indicator

had registered nothing above eighteen miles per hour, the officers changed front and said they would summons for driving to the public danger. They did, with the result that the evidence of the Perfect Speed Indicator, coupled with Mr. Staplie Firth's eloquence, resulted in the dismissal of the summons.



APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF MOTORING BY THE KING OF SPAIN: SEÑOR IGNACIO CASTILLO.

The Madrid School of Arts and Crafts has had a professor of motoring for some time past. King Alfonso has now appointed Señor Castillo to a similar position at the school in Seville.

to be entered by Messrs. Weigel Motors, Limited, who, it is known, make a 40-h.p. four-cylinder touring-car much on the lines of the Italian car, the Itala. The eight-cylinder engine is to be

If report speaketh truly, Great Britain is not to be unrepresented in the big race for the Grand Prix. Two eight-cylinder cars are to be entered by Messrs. Weigel Motors, Limited, who, it is known, make a 40-h.p. four-cylinder touring-car much on the lines of the Italian car, the Itala. The eight-cylinder engine is to be formed of two fours placed tandem, with a special arrangement of crank-shaft, which will cause them to drive as a four-cylinder engine. Save for a one-speed and reverse gear-box these cars are to be in every other respect as the standard touring-car. It is a bold experiment, or advertisement, or both.

A word of warning with respect to the care of the radiators of cars that are left in exposed situations during frost may not be out of place if the present cold and biting snap continues. The most obvious way to avoid trouble from ice forming in the cylinder jackets or radiator tubes is, clearly, to run off the water; but if this is difficult or inconvenient all danger from frost can be avoided if double-distilled glycerine is added to the water in the proportion of one part glycerine to two of water. It is not the cheapest thing in the world, but it is sure,

and though the glycerine gradually decreases in volume, and more has to be added, it is better than employing the various chemicals one occasionally sees recommended.



A NEW PASTIME FOR PEDESTRIANS! CAUGHT BY THE LATEST COW-CATCHER MOTOR-CAR.

An ingenious inventor, fearful for the welfare of the pedestrian, has just invented the device here shown, which is fixed to the motor-car and performs much the same duties as the cow-catcher attached to American trains. The inventor claims that his patent will deposit any pedestrians struck by it firmly but gently outside the wheel-track of the car. It is fitted with springs, in order that the force of the blow it gives may not be dangerous.

Photograph by Topical Agency.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

DOMINANT STABLES—HIGH-CLASS JUMPERS—LUCK AND THE GRAND NATIONAL.

IT is seldom that a National Hunt season is dominated by two or three stables; but such is the case now. The establishments presided over by Messrs. Hartigan at Weyhill, Maher in Delamere Forest, and W. Woodland at Hednesford are exceedingly powerful, and shelter some of the smartest horses in training. Hartigan's leap into training fame has been simply phenomenal. A little over twelve months ago he started as a public trainer; to be precise, it was in October 1905. On Dec. 1 of the same year, as trainer-jockey, he scored his first win; it was on Portcullis, an animal that has sported the colours of Mr. A. C. McLaren, the famous cricketer. From that date Hartigan went on like a house afire, and in three months had won many races. Last February, at Haydock Park, he put up a remarkable record, sending four horses to the meeting and winning five races. He has under his charge in Dafila one of the smartest young hurdlers in training. Maher's stable will, with ordinary luck, play a big part to the end of the season, despite the defection of Hack Watch from the Grand National. In Cinders he trains the wonder of the year, and in Old Fairyhouse a chaser of exceptional merit.

Mention of Cinders, and Dafila in particular, brings in its train the query as to whether the class of horses figuring on our courses in the National Hunt season is superior or inferior to that of years ago—the years that are spoken of as "the good old days." The elder generation, with wonderful unanimity, vote for the bygone class; but they would have to admit that we have some excellent horses running this season, both over fences and hurdles. Three of the most prominent steeplechasers are Abelard, Heatree, and Cinders. The first-named is only a four-year-old, but is already an accomplished fencer. He has won three or four steeplechases with the ease that suggests that he was born for the task, and previous to that he had figured successfully over the minor obstacles. Heatree was a disappointing animal on the flat, but he is a distinguished success in his new sphere of action. He won the first two races in which he took part under National Hunt rules, one being a hurdle-race and the other a steeplechase. This suggests a welcome versatility. As for Cinders, she is better than either of the other pair, for she made as ludicrous an example of Round Dance over hurdles as she had previously done of Ravenscliffe over a three-mile steeplechase course. In fact, her speed and jumping ability give one pause and cause to wonder what may be the limit of her powers. At present she stands out as a wonder. She is held in the same estimation as John M.P. was

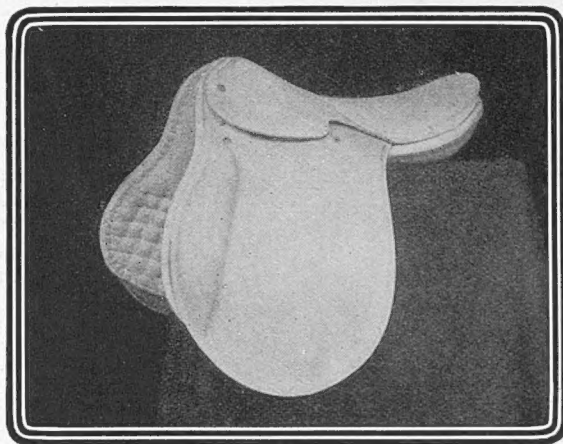
before the terrible fiascos at Liverpool. Then we have in Dafila a young hurdle-racer of pronounced ability. He has won four races in succession, and the last time out he carried within two pounds of top weight, and won with the same ease that had characterised previous efforts. His owner picked him up for less than a hundred guineas; at the present moment he must be worth twenty times the figure of his purchase. In addition to this quartet, we have Medico, who has won hurdle-races and steeplechases (in one of the latter he beat Domino), and is only a four-year-old; Jannaway, four years, who has won steeplechases; Round Dance, four years, who is reckoned one of our best hurdle-racers; Wild Aster, five years, whose sequence of successes in hurdle-races placed him at the top of the tree; and, last but by no means least, Old Fairyhouse, five years, and Do Be Quick, six years, each of which is destined to make big marks on the National Hunt record.

Something more than jumping ability and the possession of stamina is necessary for a horse to win the Grand National. He may jump to perfection; he may stay for ever; his rider may be on the best of terms with him—his rider, indeed, may be the finest horse-man of all time. All these qualifications may be accompanied by failure, if good luck be absent. One of the most graphic instances of this was Hidden Mystery. This horse was immeasurably superior to Drumcree. Yet Drumcree succeeded where "the Mystery" failed. From the time Hidden

Mystery won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase he seemed certain to win the greatest prize in the National Hunt Calendar. He flew the most formidable fences like a swallow, and generally had stored up an incredible power of speed for the final burst. He was the best steeplechaser Sir Charles Nugent ever had in his charge, and the jockey who rode him in the National was a keen, clever horseman. It was Mr. H. Nugent, Sir Charles's son, who met with such a tragic death on the Continent. The plan of campaign to be pursued in the great race was well laid, and in pursuance of it Mr. Nugent took his mount on the outside in the endeavour to avoid collision and fall. All this availed nothing. A riderless horse—Covert Hack I think it was—charged right across the course and cannoned Hidden Mystery just as he was in the act of jumping. Sheer bad luck and nothing else robbed Hidden Mystery of the race. It is a prominent instance of what may befall the best at Aintree.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A SADDLE OF HUMAN SKIN—THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE IN THE WORLD.

"Huley" leather, which is none other than human skin, has recently sprung into being, and looks like becoming popular among the very smart set in America. The tannery for this leather is in Philadelphia, and the secret of its preparation is the property of an Englishman, who is the head of the establishment. The skin, after treatment, is said to be as tough as pigskin, and it is made up into such articles as slippers, gloves, purses, and belts. The precise manner in which the skin is obtained is not stated.

Photograph by the Union Bureau of News.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL? WHY NOT WALK TO FRANCE?

The gentleman shown is an American inventor, photographed while taking a ten-mile stroll on an Ohio river in his boat-boots of cedar-wood. Possibly some advocates of the Channel Tunnel will accept this method in place of their cherished undersea tube? It may be remembered that Paul Boyton, another American, invented a somewhat similar device, and when he visited England, went for a walk on the Thames. It was this same Mr. Boyton who turned himself into a human boat by means of an inflated suit, and paddled himself many miles over rivers and seas.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HOWEVER distressing it may be to upholders of the ancient régime, hard fact points to the ever-growing democratic spirit of this once proud planet. Rank has had to part with real estate; new men own old acres; caste goes down before cash, and pedigree unsupported by an income in thousands is simply a piteous paradox. Money nowadays is largely in the

devoted islands people who could rushed into furs out-of-doors, and sat round blazing hearth-fires within. People who could not buttoned their thin clothes more tightly, and "after hours" sat at home with the metaphorical candle of immortal Bob Critchett. Enormous, unthought of, not to be written of, is the suffering in towns when cold grips the thinly covered persons of the poor. In the country some charitable cottager will spare a corner and a crust for the shivering wayfarer. But in towns the workhouse and the casual ward only extend official sufferance to decent poor and degraded tramp alike, which brings one to a great proposition, put forward lately by Mr. John Purcell, which should be made known to, and well considered by, every thinking man in these realms. The sites of London's workhouses being of great value, why not sell these sites, suggests this practical statistician, and deal with the pauper population in the country? Inside London workhouses at this moment are upwards of eighty thousand inmates, costing overridden ratepayers one million one hundred thousand pounds annually. Both from the humane and from the economical standpoint the proposed translation of pauper homes is overwhelmingly to be desired. Though no official valuation of London workhouse sites exists, strange to say, beyond a record of what the land first cost, the sites of our thirty-one Metropolitan workhouses are worth in the open market three millions sterling, unofficially valued. In Essex land is still cheap, and it is computed that ample funds would be realisable on this sale of sites to house in comparative comfort these eighty thousand homeless waifs who now claim the hospitality of the London workhouse. Considerable stress



[Copyright.]

A BALL-GOWN OF WHITE EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD.

hands of those who would have touched hats or dropped curtsies to our grandfathers. With its possession has arisen that assurance and sense of power which make the hat-touching, bob-curtseying attitude of mind and body incongruous and impossible. So Society extends its park-palings year by year. The "bookie's" daughter ruffles it boldly with the baron's, and everyone who can by any possibility pay for them possesses sables, diamonds, motors, and family pictures. While on the subject of such popular impedimenta, one is reminded that it really is not so rash as may appear to lay up stores of diamonds. From the investment point of view, these glittering baubles improve year by year. Like furs and old furniture, their price has doubled and trebled. Unlike those envied objects, their value remains unspoiled by wear and tear. Many astute persons, recognising the sermons in these stones, have invested money in tiaras or brooches or bangles from time to time, and are now in the comfortable knowledge of having trebled their capital, instead of committing it to the quagmires and quicksands of the Stock Exchange or speculation of whatever nature. Of course, it behoves the buyer to choose his place of purchase with discretion, for not every jeweller is a philanthropic Mr. Peabody. But, given due care and discrimination, the laying up of such treasure often means the foundation of a "tidy" fortune. So many facilities are offered now, moreover, by the monthly system of payment, that many who could not "fork out" a large sum at once can painlessly and gradually relieve themselves of it by extended instalments, while all the time in apparent and proud possession of appreciating property.

When last week's Arctic weather swooped down on these



[Copyright.]

A DELIGHTFUL WALKING-DRESS.

is laid on the humanitarian principles of this great scheme, which, like Besant and Rice's realised dream of the People's Palace, may one day crystallise into happy fact.

Plans are proposed for the amelioration of the hard lot of those who have come down in the world by securing them greater privacy than under the present régime, where men sleep one hundred,



perhaps, in one room, "the superannuated burglar beside the blind doctor, the confirmed drunkard beside the broken gentleman, whose life's savings went in one commercial smash." That Mr. Purcell's practically benevolent scheme may one day work out the salvation of the Metropolitan pauper must be the wish of all who would reach and raise the poor and miserable of this great city.

That the use of glasses essentially alters the external character of their wearers is an obvious fact. Pertness, cocksureness, or a languid, bored superiority is the air often lent by a single eyeglass. Earnestness, good middle-class worth, and the effect of taking life in a decorous, slate-coloured frame of mind, as it were, is imparted by the immensely respectable pince-nez; and, as most inhabitants of this island are decorous and respectable, it follows that the pince-nez obtains a large popularity, and leads, in several senses, by a nose. Spectacles share the suffrages of all ranks of the social ladder in a somewhat more limited sense, from the old gentleman who peruses his cherished *Times* and *Spectator*, to the working shoemaker thinking philosophically as he pegs away at a sole. The Dollond

Featherweight Eyeglasses introduce a new era to wearers of these helpful adjuncts, accurately fitting springs dispensing with the arched bridge and straight bar of present somewhat uncomfortable usage. While saving fifty per cent. in weight, the Dollond Featherweight glasses are "almost invisible." A further advantage that will weigh with many who are obliged to use them—the cost is excessively moderate, and a practical test can be made at any one of Dollond's branch houses, either at Cheap-side, Oxford Street, Northumberland Avenue, or the two other City centres of this old-established business in Old Broad Street and Ludgate Hill.

Burglary insurance folk bestir themselves in these dark days, and send out circulars advising all and sundry to protect their possessions in the most effective way by insuring against a raid on their jewel-boxes. It is a good idea, and doubtless consoling in the enforced departure of one's best brooches and belongings. Still, a lot of care-taking, worry, precautions, and perplexities are avoided when the wise woman buys her ornamental "altogether" from those artists in refined production, the Parisian Diamond Company. Their jewels are above criticism or comparison. Exquisite in design, perfect in setting, flawless in brilliancy, they defy detection equally of envious friend or acquisitive jewel-thief; while even if the burglar burgles we can confound his politics and replace his "swag" at a moment's notice and small expense. *Floreat* Parisian Diamond Company!

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ESTELLE.—Have you put your infant on the excellent Mellin? If not, do so, and give him food, food, and still more food—always by Mellin. Whereat he should flourish exceedingly.

SYBIL.

Musicians, amateur and professional, will be interested in a new song, "There is a Sea," written and composed by Edith Sayer. It is published in E flat and F by Mr. Walter Phillips, 102, High Street, Putney. Both melody and words should win considerable favour.

In last week's *Sketch*, we stated that Mr. Roger D. Yelverton defended Edalji at his trial. This was not accurate. Mr. Yelverton is now engaged in a strenuous endeavour to prove Edalji's innocence. His reasons are three. In the first place, he considers Edalji innocent; in the second, he sympathises with him as a young solicitor; and in the third, he is Chairman of the League of Criminal Appeal.

#### BUSINESS PREMISES IN MARBLE.

THERE is now in course of construction for the famous firm of Messrs. Mappin and Webb—with which, by the way, is incorporated Mappin Brothers—the magnificent building illustrated on this page. The erection marks what may be called, perhaps, a new epoch in architecture as applied to business houses, for it is being built of solid marble; from blocks, in fact, from the quarry from which the material for the Parthenon was obtained. The architect is Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A. The general effect of the building will be very fine. The show-room will be divided into aisles by columns cased with dark-coloured woods; the ceiling will be in the Italian style in which the façades are designed, and the place will be heated and ventilated by an ingenious system by which the dust-laden air of the street is excluded and fresh air introduced by special shafts and heated, when necessary, by a radiator. The upper floors will be reached by means of express passenger-lifts. Altogether, it is hoped that the building will express, in its refinement of design and completeness of equipment, the aims and conditions of the firm for which it has been constructed. In view of the demolition of their Oxford Street premises, which has already begun, the company are shortly offering the whole of the surplus stocks in all departments of all their London show-rooms for sale at greatly reduced prices, this decision having been come to in view of possible damage during the building operations.

As we have already noted, the style of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's new building marks what may be called an epoch in business architecture, and the famous firm's policy in thus striking out a new line is only following out their customary plan, for no house is more up to date than Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who belong to that comparatively small group who combine an old-established business with the newest of trading methods. That the policy is a wise one the firm's great and continuing success amply demonstrates. It has long been Messrs. Mappin and Webb's boast that shopping at their establishments is a delight instead of the weariness to the flesh that is sometimes the result of dealing elsewhere. Not only do they please the eye with their goods, but they are wise

enough to make the settings of those goods, as represented by their great show-rooms, as attractive as possible, a combination of comfort with art. Their new premises will certainly attract many, and the many, being attracted, will of a certainty visit them many times and oft.

Owing to the continued and rapid increase in the demand for Iris cars to manufacturers, Messrs. Legros and Knowles, Limited, have found it necessary to divide their sales department from the manufacturing business. For this purpose a separate company, under the title of "Iris Cars Limited," has been formed to control and facilitate the sale and delivery of Iris cars throughout the world, and will, during the next few days, open show-rooms and offices in the immediate vicinity of Piccadilly Circus. The new dépôt will be under the management of Mr. Arthur E. Perman, who has been so long and intimately connected with the industry, and with Iris cars. The show-rooms will be decorated simply and in good taste, and will be heated—the comfort of clients being considered of great importance. The cars stocked will be the 25-h.p. and the 35-h.p. four-cylinder models, as well as the 40-h.p. six-cylinder model. A feature, we understand, will be that several chassis and finished cars will be always ready for immediate sale and delivery.



Photo. Bolas.

#### THE MAGNIFICENT MARBLE PREMISES TO BE ERECTED FOR MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB.

As we note in an article on this page, Messrs. Mappin and Webb are having built for them the magnificent place of business here shown. In view of the demolition of their Oxford Street premises, the company are to offer the whole of the surplus stock in all departments for sale at greatly reduced prices.